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Do It Today

A LIFE OF USEFULNESS

Elder William Stanley An Octogenarian.

Rev. William Stanley and wife, of Shalysville, father of Hon. A. O. Stanley, Democratic nominee for Governor of Kentucky, are here and are spending a week at Mrs. Hurl's. Mr. Stanley left Versailles 33 years ago, at which time he was pastor of the Versailles Christian church. His many old friends were delighted to see him. He has had a very remarkable life. He grew up a farmer boy, became a lawyer, went to Kansas before the war, where he became the captain of a noted company of state guards and took part in putting down some very serious riots. He was a candidate for Circuit Judge when the war broke out, came back to Kentucky and enlisted in Morgan's cavalry, afterwards became a member of the Orphan Brigade, then for two years was assistant Judge Advocate General of the army. He entered the ministry after the war. Mr. Stanley is 80 years of age and looks very much younger, in spite of his patriarchal beard. His wife is a first cousin of the late Col. John F. Davis, father of Geo. T. Davis.—Woodford Sun.

No Guide Book Authorized
Secretary Chamber of Commerce,
Richmond, Kentucky.

Dear Sir:

For the protection of your merchants and members of your Organization, The Dixie Highway Association wishes to advise you that this Association has not authorized any individual or concern to issue a Guide Book of the Dixie Highway. We feel that it would be manifestly unfair to the touring public, the advertiser and to this association to publish such a Guide at this time. Although practically every county is at work, or has the money in hand to build its section of the Dixie Highway, a Guide Book inviting tourists to travel over the Dixie Highway before next year, would result in the highway receiving a serious setback. It is impossible for the present, to give an accurate routing of the Dixie Highway, owing to the fact that there are several questions of routing to be decided by the commissioners appointed by the Governors of the various states. When the Directors feel that the time has arrived, when such a Guide Book, which will contain only official and accurate information regarding the Highway and the territory through which it traverses can be issued so that it will be of real service to the tourist and not merely an advertising scheme published for private gain, an official Guide, compiled by the Dixie Highway Association's own accredited representatives, will be published.

Won't you kindly have your local papers give publicity to this matter, in the interest of the Dixie Highway movement?

Very truly yours,
The Dixie Highway Association
V. D. L. Robinson
Asst. Sec'y.

The Next Best Thing to the Pine Forest for Cold Is—

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey which goes to the very root of cold troubles. It clears the throat and gives relief from that clogged and stuffed feeling. The pine has ever been the friend of man in driving away colds. Moreover the pine-honey qualities are peculiarly effective in fighting children's colds. Remember that a cold broken at the start greatly removes the possibility of complications. 25c.

Old-fashioned New Orleans Molasses at Lackey & Todd's Phone 62. 7-1f

GOLE BLEASE

Ex-Governor of South Carolina, Who Defends Lynching.

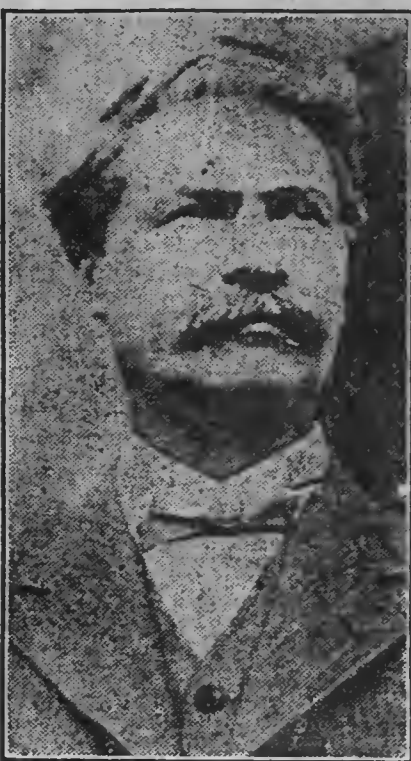


Photo by American Press Association.

WEEKLY WAR REVIEW

The fall of Brest-Litovsk, the pivotal point in the Russian second line of defense, was among the features of the week in the eastern zone of operations. Since the reduction of Warsaw, the big fortresses have fallen into the hands of the German allies, including Novogeorgievsk, Kovno and Olita. The armies of Grand Duke Nicholas are reported to be conducting an orderly retreat, but are being closely pursued by the Teutons. Grodno and Vilna are menaced and will likely be surrendered without a struggle. Thousands of Russians troops have been made prisoners.

Possibility of the Germans reaching Petrograd is being discussed. The conclusion is arrived at that unless the Germans succeed in obtaining possession of the Gulf of Riga, they are not likely to hazard an attempt to reach Petrograd, especially as autumn is now approaching, when the country lying between the Dvina and Narva presents almost insuperable obstacles.

Fighting continues on the western front and at the Dardanelles without appreciable gain to either side. On the Italian front snowstorms have hampered operations in the mountains. Activity of German submarines in British waters was responsible for the sinking of a dozen or more merchant vessels, with some loss of lives.

Through Ambassador von Bernstorff Berlin has let it be known that Germany will give "complete satisfaction" to the United States if it develops that the commander of the German submarine exceeded his instructions in attacking the White Star liner Arcturion. The Germans contend that the attack on the Arcturion was an unfriendly act against the United States. This intelligence proved gratifying to American government officials, who now anticipate an amicable settlement of the submarine controversy. It was learned that the Kaiser's government is not going to make concessions without expecting something in return. This government stands committed to co-operate with Germany for the maintenance of the freedom of the seas. Germany intends to hold the United States strictly to the letter of this pledge, and when she yields to this government on the submarine issue and gives guarantees as to the future she will expect that the United States will make good its word and proceed against Great Britain with a view to ending the alleged violation of international law against which the United States has complained in connection with the British blockade of Germany.

ITALIANS DROP BOMBS

Wreck the Austrian Aviation Base Near Trieste.

Rome, Aug. 30.—Italian aviators have completely wrecked the Austrian aviation base at Divassa, east of Trieste, according to the official statement of the war office. All of the Italian aeroplanes returned safely. The military authorities have ordered compulsory cholera vaccination for all men and officers in both the army and navy. A good many Austrian soldiers who had been moved from the Gallian front to the Italian front have recently been made prisoners, and there has been some fear that they might bring the disease with them.

It is reported that General Rostag no has been seriously wounded while leading a successful attack against Austrian positions.

Pope Benedict visited incognito the wounded soldiers in the Santa Marta hospital, adjoining the Vatican. The pope was visibly moved as he walked among the many beds, stopping to speak to some of the men. He took notes and distributed money.

British Steamer Torpedoed.

London, Aug. 27.—The British steamship Windsor, 6,055 tons, has been sunk by a German submarine. Her crew was rescued by the Norwegian steamer Haver, and later transferred to the New Zealand liner Ramea. The Windsor hailed from London.

The European War.

Is destruction to life and property. Our business is to build up, to repair, and to do general job work. Try us on your next job.

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Contractors and Builders. Back of Opera House. Phone 807. Richmond, Ky.

Use us that \$.

RUSS RETREAT IS UNCHECKED

Germans Continue to Press Their Advantage.

TRANSPORT LOSS DENIED

Reported Loss of 1,000 Canadian Soldiers When Germans Sunk Transport Is Denied by Toronto Officials—Bombardments on French Front.

Ottawa, Aug. 30.—The report that a Canadian troop transport had been sunk off the Selkirk islands is officially denied here. It is said that since the end of July has a transport left Canada with more than three hundred men aboard and all of the transports sailing previous to Aug. 15 have reached their destination safely.

London, Aug. 30.—The German armies are continuing their offensive in Russia with vigor and with apparently no indication of any intention on their part to stop.

The German official statement published at Berlin speaks of advances of varying importance on the entire line south of Kovno.

Perhaps the most important of these is that made by the army group under Prince Leopold of Bavaria. These troops are now marching through the Bialowoz forest, well to the east of the Brest-Litovsk and Bialostock railway, and on the outskirts of the forest one wing of the army is nearing Schereshow, thirty miles east of the railway and sixty miles northeast of Brest-Litovsk.

Father south the armies under Field Marshal von Mackensen are meeting with but little resistance, according to the German war office and are advancing apparently even into the swampy region which is so extensive in the district lying south of the Prypet.

It had been expected here that the great Bialowoz forest and the Prypet marshes would serve as a natural barrier to the German advance behind which the Russians might take shelter. Such, however, does not seem from the wording of the Berlin statement to be the case.

Pierce hand to hand fighting for the possession of the excavations left by mine explosions occurred at Marie Therese and west of the forest of Malmcourt. The French troops, having first gained a footing in these excavations, retained possession of them in spite of the numerous German attacks.

Elsewhere on the French front there were heavy bombardments at various points. The French communiqué follows:

"There was the usual activity on the part of artillery along the major part of the front. Particularly effective bombardments of the enemy's mine positions occurred at Marie Therese and west of the forest of Malmcourt. The French troops, having first gained a footing in these excavations, retained possession of them in spite of the numerous German attacks.

The following official statement was given out by the Italian war office: "Details of our success in the Strina valley show that the enemy suffered severe losses, leaving in our hands a great quantity of machine guns, the munition, and sixteen cases of bombs. An important force of the enemy at Saccarant and Pozzi Alta suffered heavy loss, some guns being destroyed and those remaining being transferred to other positions outside the defence works, from where they still reply to our fire."

SIX HELD IN BOMB PLOTS

Accused of Theft and Arson on Ships Belonging to Allies.

New York, Aug. 30.—Additional arrests and more serious charges than grand larceny are anticipated in the next few days as a result of the police bomb squads investigation and thefts on ships belonging to the allies. Information in the hands of Deputy Commissioner Guy Seull and Captain Thomas Tunney leads them to believe that many others besides the seven men now under arrest are involved in the alleged conspiracy. Detectives disguised as longshoremen, now have under surveillance checkers and waiters in the employ of the steamship companies, whose vessels caught fire.

Of the six men who were arrested five were officers of lighters and barges which carried sugar to the steamships, and a second-hand furniture dealer and one other, a checker on the French line pier, were each held in \$3,000 bail.

It has been determined that approximately \$75,000 to \$100,000 worth of sugar was stolen and that perhaps a larger amount was damaged by fire.

Panic Caused by Earthquake. Rome, Aug. 30.—In the Avezzano district violent earthquakes shocks during the last twenty-four hours caused a great panic. The very ancient dwellings which were erected after the recent earthquake prevented a repetition of that disaster.

Date Changed.

The date of the annual reunion of Morgan's Men has been changed from August 31, to September 7. The meeting will be held at Olympian Springs on the latter date and will continue two days. The date was changed in order to enable General Basil W. Duke, president of the association, to be present.

Registered Ky. Berkshire Swine for sale all times—both sexes. Wm. B. Turrell, phone 100. Richmond, Ky. 25-1f

SEE PEACE MOVE IN NEW POLICY

Believe Germany Paving Way For War's End.

U. S. A. POSSIBLE MEDIATOR

Successful Mediation of Blockade Differences Between England and Germany Now Would Make America Mediator to End War.

Washington, Aug. 30.—That Germany's change of policy toward the submarine issue has a larger purpose than the mere maintenance of friendly relations with this government, is the view of some officials in Washington.

Viewed by these officials and in diplomatic circles here Germany is moving to rehabilitate herself in the eyes of neutrals, so that when a movement for peace is actually undertaken, she may be assured of a larger measure of sympathy and support from neutral powers than would be accorded to her now.

They believe that Germany, if not actually seeking to pave the way for peace negotiations, is, at least, preparing herself for the day when such negotiations will be begun.

The view that Germany is looking forward to possible peace developments from a settlement of the submarine issue is not mere surmise or speculation. It has a very substantial foundation in suggestions that have repeatedly been made by German representatives in this country. Ever since the submarine issue became acute they have urged informally upon Washington officials the great chance for a step in the direction of peace if the United States only could mediate between the belligerents and blockades.

It has been their contention that such an important step would probably prove to be a beginning, and that the way would then be open for the United States to take the lead in promoting peace negotiations. Such, however, does not seem from the wording of the Berlin statement to be the case.

Since the Arable incident and the more conciliatory attitude of Germany toward the United States, talk along this line has been reviewed in German circles here. Again the possibility of the president serving as a leader in the movement for peace is being held out.

But not only will a settlement of the submarine controversy, in the opinion of Washington officials, make the president more available from the German viewpoint, but it will also afford him an opportunity to demonstrate to the world the absolutely impartial stand of the United States as a neutral.

It was learned here on high authority that the president will not only move speedily against Great Britain's violations against the rights of Americans on the high seas, but also in the direction of a settlement of the Mexican situation as soon as the German issue has been settled. The controversy with Germany by using the president as the neck of the Washington administration for the last five months. The president and his advisers have hesitated to push the issue with England so long as they were confronted with the likelihood of an open break with Germany.

Also it is believed and expected now that the threatening situation with the Kaiser's government has deterred this government from moving as speedily as it desired in the Mexican situation.

Now the president's advisers are promising speed action on both Britain and Mexico as soon as the submarine trouble has cleared.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Indianapolis, Aug. 30.
Cattle—Steers, \$6.50@9.65; heifers, \$5.50@8.55; calves, \$5.00@7.50; bulls, \$4.50@7.00.

Hogs—Best heavies, \$7.10@7.90; bulk of sales, \$7.65@8.10; lights, \$6@8.15.

Sheep—Good to choice, \$5.25@6; common to medium, \$3.75; lambs, \$5.50@9.

Chicago, Aug. 30.
Hogs—Bulk, \$6.75@7.70; lights, \$7.45@8.05; mixed, \$6.50@7.95; hogs, \$6.35@7.70; roughs, \$6.30@6.50; pigs, \$7@8. Cattle—Beef, \$6@10.15; cows and heifers, \$3.60@8.75; calves, \$5.50@12. Sheep, \$5.90@6.50; lambs, \$7.25@9.40.

Cincinnati, Aug. 30.
Hogs—Packer and butchers, \$7.20@7.55. Cattle—Steady. Calves, \$6@11.25. Sheep—Steady; lambs, steady.

St. Louis, Aug. 30.
Hogs—Pigs and lights, \$7.60@8; mixed and butchers, \$7.75@8; good heavy, \$7.40@7.80. Cattle—Steady.

Toledo, Aug. 30.
Wheat—\$1.09; corn, 80¢; oats, 41¢.

Buffalo, Aug. 30.
Cattle—Veals, \$4.50@5.50. Hogs—Heavy, \$7.75@8.75; mixed, \$6.80@8.30; Yorkers and pigs, \$8.15@8.35; rough, \$6@8.15; stags, \$4.50@5.50. Sheep—Active; lambs, slow.

Every Home Needs a Faithful Cough and Cold Remedy.

When seasons change and colds appear—when you first detect a cold after sitting next to one who has sneezed, then it is that a tried and tested remedy should be faithfully used. I never wrote a testimonial before, but I know positively that for myself and family, Dr. King's New Discovery is the best cough remedy we ever used and we have tried them all. 50c and \$1. adv.

HONEY for sale in five and ten pound buckets. Clifton Weaver, phone 657; residence corner North & 6th. 32-1f

ELIHU ALLEN CONVICTED

Indicted For Killing of Grover Blanton in Primary Fight.

Jackson, Ky. (Special): The jury in the Greathitt circuit court sitting in the case of Elihu Allen, charged with killing Grover Blanton, a theatrical man of Quickland, the county, on Aug. 7, in a primary election fight, returned a verdict of guilty and fixed his punishment at imprisonment for life. Allen's attorneys at once announced that they would appeal the case on the grounds of an improper denial of a change of venue and also that the defendant had been rushed into trial.

Mart Clemmons also was killed and Allen himself slightly wounded during the election fight. Allen's trial has been one of the most interesting ever held in this county, because of the standing of the Blanton family.

ASK FOR NEW AMENDMENT

Provides That State Superintendent May Succeed Himself.

Frankfort, Ky. (Special): A bill submitting to the people of the state an amendment to the Constitution permitting the state superintendent of public instruction to succeed himself in office will be introduced into the legislative body by Representative T. R. Jones of Callaway county. Representative Jones was here and said he was of the opinion that the schools of the state might be greatly improved if a superintendent were permitted to succeed himself in office. Mr. Jones is principal of the Murray high school, Bowling Green, Callaway county, in the last legislature and was re-nominated in the primary.

Mr. Jones said that the bill he proposed to introduce will have the backing of school men.

Look From Postoffice.

Maysville, Ky. (Special): Tenants on the farm of John Caldwell, near Maysville, this county, found in a barn a large sack which contained postage stamps, money orders and other paraphernalia kept about by a postoffice. The farmer, Caldwell, identified some of it as that stolen from the Ewing postoffice.

Woman Boat Captain.

Maysville, Ky. (Special): Mrs. Mary Greer, wife of Captain Gordon Greer, of the Greene line of steamboats in the upper Ohio trade, has relieved Capt. James F. Hughes of command of the steamer Tacoma, Capt. Hughes going on a vacation. Mrs. Greer is the only woman on this part of the river carrying a master's and pilot's license.

Typhoid In Caldwell.

Princeton, Ky. (Special): Several cases of typhoid fever have been reported in Caldwell county, but only one death, that of William Brown, at Farmersville. Five members of the family of W. F. Ladd, of the eastern section of the county, now have typhoid. Several have been vaccinated.

New Road Machinery.

Middlesboro, Ky. (Special): A new steam road roller and two motor trucks bought by Bell county are due in Middlesboro and the work of putting the metal on several miles of road adjacent to Middlesboro will begin immediately, according to County Judge T. J. Asher.

Governor Returns Home.

Frankfort, Ky. (Special): Governor McCreary returned home from a vacation spent in New York and Atlantic City. He was accompanied by Commissioner of Agriculture, Newman. The governor says the rest and recreation put him in fine condition for work.

Death From Baseball Injury. Newport, Ky. (Special): Willard Smith, twenty-two years old, a clerk, died of an injury suffered in a ball game. He was struck in the eye by a ball.

Diphtheria Epidemic.

Barbourville, Ky. (Special): The diphtheria epidemic in Knott county is now under control, due to vigorous quarantine measures and use of antiphtheria serum. No new cases have been reported for some time, and the ban which had been placed on all public gatherings in this city has been lifted.

Receiver Appointed.

Erlanger, Ky. (Special): A receiver has been appointed by Master Commissioner Hinda for the "Kenton County Agricultural Association," which operates the Erlanger fair, after a suit had been filed in Kenton circuit court by the Bank of Independence, of Independence, Ky.

Stricken With Paralysis.

Franklin, Ky. (Special): Clay Lollar, a farmer, was stricken with paralysis at his home near Sylvan and is in a critical condition.

Kentucky Flour Spar.

Marion, Ky. (Special): One hundred tons of flour recently shipped from Marion will be shipped from New York to an open hearth steel plant at New Castle, New South Wales.

Almost Bleeds to Death.

Carlisle, Ky. (Special): Herman Burke, a farmer of Moorefield, sat down on an open knife and was so seriously stabbed that he almost died before the flow was staunch.

Attention.

The quarterly adjustment of our mailing galleries will be made October 1st. Please see that any change in address either for city or elsewhere, is promptly made. Give the old as well as the new address. Papers cannot be forwarded. Therefore give this matter your attention. 1f

Feed of all kinds delivered to any place in Richmond at lowest prices. Elmer Tate, Irvine St. Phone 793. 4-1f

BUNCHED PARAGRAPHS

Idle since April, 1914, the Gaylord mines in Jefferson and Belmont counties, Ohio, have resumed.

Plans have been completed for the annual conference at Lawrence, Kan., of the Society of American Indians, which will meet Sept. 28.

Rev. Dr. Emil Meister, pastor of St. Stephen's Lutheran church, Lancaster, Pa., a prominent writer for religious publications, is dead.

Robert Tyke, retired coal operator, is dead at Pomeroy. O. Dyke was a Republican and served two terms each as treasurer and commissioner in Meigs county.

Justice of the Peace Noah Woodruff of Roselle Park (N. J.) sentenced George Pierce, eighteen, to a five year enlistment in the United States army for stealing four ears of green corn from the garden of a neighbor.

Edward Corrigan was killed when his automobile collided with a tree near Cleveland.

Miss Anna V. Potts and Miss Emily Potts, her sister, were killed and George T. Puzey was fatally hurt in an automobile accident near Camden, N. J.

Within sight of their father, Ralph and Harry Lutz, sixteen and eighteen, respectively, were run down and killed by a Lackawanna passenger train near Elmhurst, N. J.

Mrs. Frances Warren Pershing, wife of Brigadier General John J. Pershing, United States army, and three of her four children were suffocated in a fire in their quarters at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Three prisoners in Joliet, all trustees, stole the automobile of Acting Warden Ryan and escaped.

Former Governor Cole L. Blease announces he will be a candidate for governor of South Carolina again next year.

Sam J. Nichols was nominated for congress by the Democrats of the Fourth (Georgia) district to succeed Joseph T. Johnson, appointed federal district judge.

Official figures show that the tropical storm that visited the Texas coast ten days ago took 275 lives, 206 on land and 69 on water. More than 100 are unaccounted for.

James Connor Roche, an Irish dramatist, actor and poet, died in New York. He was seventy-two years old.

Chicago teachers will fight a new educational rule prohibiting any teacher of the public school system from teaching in a labor union.

Three men lost their lives in an explosion of chlorine gas at the plant of the Goldsmith Detinning company at Wyandotte, a suburb of Detroit.

The baggage of Dr. Constantine Dumba, Austrian ambassador to the United States, was rifled at the Lenox (Mass.) railway station. No clue.

Fire in the Gilbert drug store threatened to wipe out the town of Burgetts-town, Pa., before it was checked by the dynamiting of buildings in its path. Loss \$30,000.

Homer Smith, Jr., former mayor of Cincinnati, is dead.

Light frosts were reported by the official weather bureau in North Dakota and Manitoba.

Harry Morris, stationary engineer, was fatally killed at Lancaster, Pa., by the bursting of a big flywheel, a piece of which struck him in the breast.

Three men are raving maniacs in Philadelphia, the result of "sniffing" a new drug. The drug is known as hyoscine hydro-bromide, a derivative of morphine.

Two lodgers were burned to death in Jersey City in a fire which caught the three upper floors of a five-story building occupied by the American hotel, a 10 cent lodging house.

Change in postal regulations, effective Sept. 1, was made by which parcel post mail may be insured up to \$100. Heretofore limit has been \$50.

Latest estimates placed at \$250,000 the damage done by the cyclone which cut its swath through the borough of Iroquois, eighteen miles southwest of York, Pa.

Apple growers of the Hudson River valley (New York) have organized under the direction of the state department of food and markets a public auction for their apples.

Figures issued by the immigration bureau show a 66 per cent decrease in immigration during the same period a year ago, while every month this year has shown a decline of from 65 to 79 per cent.

Pauline McGuire was killed and four others seriously injured when an automobile driven by Ralph Johns turned turtle west of Lima, O.

In a pitched battle at Perryburg, O., two automobile bandits were wounded and two others captured.

The Seaboard Air Line has awarded a contract for erection of new shops at Portsmouth, Va., to cost \$500,000.

Fire is raging in one of the main entries of mine No. 6 of the Poston Consolidated Coal company at Millfield, Pa.

Alto Ruer, one time political boss of San Francisco, was paroled from San Quentin prison upon agreement to never re-enter politics.

American schooner Oscar G. has been wrecked on the Haitian coast while en route to Cuba. Captain and crew saved.

Dr. Paul Ehrlich, discoverer of salvarsan and of the antitoxin for diphtheria, died suddenly of heart disease at Bad Homburg, Germany.

Dr. David B. Johnson, Rockhill, N. C., was elected president of the National Education association.

President Wilson went to Philadelphia for examination of his eyes. The trip was made in the White House automobile.

"Yes—Many People C" have told us the same story—distress after eating, gases, heartburn. A

Renall Dyspepsia Tablet before and after each meal will relieve you. Sold only by us—25c.

Henry L. Perry.

Its dollars to doughnuts that you will forget to hand us "Our Dollar" when you come to town.

BIG SHOW

At Richmond, Tuesday, September 7th.

Robinson's Famous Shows, an exhibition famous on both sides of the Atlantic, will give two grand and complete performances at Richmond, Ky., on the above date. Robinson's Famous Shows pride themselves upon having the finest, most expensively equipped traveling exhibition in the world, with finer special trains of cars, finer horses, cages, wagons, costumes and accessories, etc. Also cream of the circus profession in the way of riders, acrobats, aerialists, etc. Added to this is a grand educational zoological exhibit, containing a great collection of rare wild animals from every known region of the earth. Among the special attractions are Robinson's great herd of performing elephants; Arabian stallions; Major Littlefinger and wife, smallest adult human beings living; a troupe of royal Japanese; the Aztec Marimba band, and hundreds of others.

Two performances will be given, at 2 and 8 p. m. Grand free street parade in the morning.

Famous Incident Being Recalled.

A writer in World's Work recalls a notable incident of the Spanish-American War which may have escaped the memory of most Americans. Its republication seems timely in view of the present somewhat strained relations between Germany and the United States. The article is in part as follows:

"Early in May, 1898, Admiral Dewey's fleet sailed into Manila Bay, beat the 'paniards', and established a blockade. Soon afterwards two English cruisers, a French cruiser, and a Japanese cruiser appeared and willingly complied with the very reasonable regulations that the Admiral laid down to them. A day or two later a German cruiser, the Irene, appeared. She ignored the American flag and dropped anchor where she chose. Admiral Dewey overlooked the incident as due to carelessness or ignorance. Next morning another German ship, the Cormoran, arrived. A launch was sent to hail her and was ignored. A shot was fired across her bow, for it was feared that she might be a disguised Spanish ship. Then she came to and was boarded. Two days later on May 12th, Admiral von Diederich arrived in his flagship, the Kaiserin Augusta."

By the middle of June there were five German warships in port, two of them with heavier displacement than any of the American vessels. It was, as Admiral Dewey records, an anxious time, owing to the possible arrival of another Spanish fleet from Spain, and meanwhile the impertinence of the Germans increased.



The Careful Man is putting some money into the Bank every pay day because he is preparing for the future. Some day he will see a good business opportunity and have the money to take advantage of it R. J. 2?

SAM WHITE HAD DARK SKIN. HE LIVED IN GEORGIA. HE COULDN'T WRITE. HE SAW IN THE PAPER A PICTURE "AD" OF A BURGLAR. HE GOT SCARED. HE ASKED WHICH BANK HAD ITS NAME UNDER THE PICTURE. HE PUT HIS "FO" DOLLARS IN THAT BANK. HE "TOOK A NOTION" TO MAKE IT A HUNDRED DOLLARS, THEN TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS—THEN A THOUSAND. SAM BANKED MONEY EVERY WEEK UNTIL HE GOT THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHENEVER HE WENT INTO THE BANK, HE WOULD ASK: "AINT AH GOT MO' MONEY?" ANY CULLUD MAN IN DIS TOWN?" HE WAS PROUD. SAM NOW OWNS A FARM. CAN'T YOU SAVE?

BANK WITH US.

STATE BANK & TRUST COMPANY
RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

THE CLIMAX-MADISONIAN
PUBLISHED EACH WEDNESDAY BY

THE CLIMAX PRINTING COMPANY
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GRANT E. LILLY, EDITOR, PHONE 659
ANNA D. LILLY, SOCIAL EDITOR, PHONE 638
W. G. WHITE, BUSINESS MANAGER, PHONE 69

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Copy for change of advertisement must be in this office before noon Friday to insure change in the current issue. If received after that time it will be at our option. This paper is printed in two sections which makes the above rule imperative necessary. Our advertising space and Job Work is the same price to everybody. We play no favorites. (All advertisements to be carried further orders, marked "if" will be charged for until ordered out.)

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS	.60
THREE MONTHS	.35
ONE MONTH	.25

RICHMOND, KY., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1915.

A VIOLATION OF LAW.

Many owners of automobiles in this city violate the law with impunity. A great many of them seem to be speed crazy and drive through the streets as if they were on a speedway. They act as if pedestrians and others had no rights upon our streets and they alone had the right of way. A great number cut around the corners and never give any warning of their approach. Some go speeding over streets at night without lights, and very few automobiles have rear lights, which the law provides for. Now, we are not knockers and fault-finders, but simply call the attention of the officers to the flagrant violation of the law governing motor vehicles.

The noise made by these machines near the churches during services is a nuisance and should be abated. Of course no one does this purposely. But can't it be cut out entirely?

TOLERANCE.

Tolerance has been defined as "the capacity of endurance." It presupposes defects and faults. Reduced to its last analysis, it is the application of the Golden Rule. If everyone were perfect, there would be such deadly perfection in the world that it would be unbearable. We would all be alike—exactly alike. We love our fellow man because he approaches our ideal of perfection—because of his efforts to rise above his downward inclinations. No two men think exactly alike, but each may be honest in his convictions. The other man's conclusions should be respected, even though he differs from us, for we may be wrong. No man should be made to suffer, because he does not think as we do, whether it is of religion, politics or morals. Intolerance is the basis of the boycott, and the boycott is despicable. Religion and politics are the right and left hands of intolerance. They have arrayed father against son and son against brother. They have brought on murders and wars. If improperly used they are the greatest barriers to civilization, just as they are the greatest aids to progress if based on tolerance. Tolerance fosters friendship; intolerance begets hatred. Tolerance makes for calm consideration; intolerance brings revolution. Tolerance creates statesmen; intolerance is the mother of tyrants. Tolerance forgets self and considers the other man; intolerance is the glorification of the Ego.

A man on a farm near Vandalia fell in a well and was nearly drowned before he was discovered and rescued. Yet they talk about the perils of a great city.

This is the open season for summer brides.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, I, J. J. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is a partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHETER CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1915.

A. V. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catheter Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Penny Pills for constipation.

I CALCULATE THE STARS'LL SHINE TONIGHT. THIS IS FUNNY. STRIKES ME THAT WAY. A FISH YKNOW HAS LOTS O' SCALES BUT I NEVER SAW ONE WEIGH.



Mr. Bryan denies that has any political aspirations. And it is so hard in this damp weather to get salt out of the shakers!

Britain argues that our premises are wrong and so asks us to revise our conclusions. Germany asks us to revise our premises.

By this time rainmakers have eternally lost the friendship of young women who lately invested in beautiful bathing suits.

Speaker Champ Clark has at last come out openly for woman suffrage, but both Col. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan beat him to it.

Fortunately for the world, Thomas A. Edison does not take any stock in the useless-old-man theories set forth by Dr. Osler.

Orders for steel foreshadows an enormous part to be taken by the United States in rebuilding the war-shattered Europe.

Meanwhile the various belligerent nations are trying to stop the war by persistent frontal attacks on one another.

The unfortunate accident cannot be accepted with composure as a common incident of ocean travel.

Writers of letters threatening bomb attacks are in most cases trouble hunters rather than trouble makers.

No advisory board could be large enough to accommodate all who feel competent to give advice.

A conspicuous need of a "safety first" rule presents itself in connection with submarine operations.

Wise amusements are beginning to make themselves accident proof and to advertise the fact.

A Bulgarian paraphrase "Come over with Macedonia and we'll help you."

You can't tell a woman's age by her store teeth.

Please hand us OUR dollar.

Buzzard Steals Wife.

Last Friday, Lawrence Buzzard was arrested in Harrodsburg on the charge of stealing another man's wife, the charge being proffered by J. H. Lantz, a large land owner, of Dothan, Va. Buzzard and the woman came to Harrodsburg about five months ago, the woman bringing with her two children. She bought a house and lot and she and Buzzard established a nest. Lantz says he will prosecute Buzzard in the Federal Court under the Mann White Slave Act.

Big Plant.

Approximately \$300,000 will be invested by the Kentucky River Power Co., Hazard, Ky., for its electric plant to transmit electricity throughout the coal-mining district of Hazard. This company was recently organized and has its main office at Hazard, with R. L. Cornell as general manager and engineer in charge. Its plant building will be constructed of reinforced concrete and steel, while its electrical transmission system will extend 15 miles and cost \$25,000. About 5,000 horse power will be developed.

Its our dollar and WE NEED IT

Good Record

Rev. E. G. B. Mann, presiding elder of the Mayfield district, M. E. Church, South, has made a good record during the four years he has presided over the district. He has attended 240 quarterly meetings; 30 revivals; preached 1,400 sermons; converted 1,270 persons; traveled 26,000 miles; dedicated 39 new churches; delegate to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference held in Toronto, Canada, October, 1911; delegate to the General Conference of the Church, Oklahoma City, May, 1911. Besides all this, Dr. Mann has served as editor-in-chief and business manager of the Central Methodist Advocate, and has delivered a number of addresses and lectures at colleges, camp meetings, etc., that are not included in the summary already given. Dr. Mann has resided in Lexington during the past four years and has greatly endeared himself to the people of that city. He is one of the ablest preachers in the Kentucky Conference and big of both heart and brain. He is beloved by all denominations—in fact, admired by all men. Dr. Mann is well and favorably known to our people and has many friends in this city.

Thirty-three Years.

Middleboro—The embalmed bodies of Isaac and Rebecca Thomas, which have rested in metal coffins with transparent tops for thirty-three years, have been opened in modern steel vaults and permanently locked. The bodies have remained in a good state of preservation until recently, when signs of decay became apparent and it was decided to place the coffins in the heavy vaults. Relatives viewed the bodies annually.

Good, Juicy Steaks—Lackey & Todd, Phone 62.

NEW Auto Bus

The Richmond Transfer Co. has added another Auto Bus and is now prepared to take parties on

Special Trips

to Lexington, Frankfort, Louisville, or any place you want to go, at any time—day or night

Experienced Chauffeur Rates Reasonable

THE AUTO BUS Meets All Trains Both Day and Night

Richmond Transfer Company 94 TELEPHONE 94

Little Miss Virginia Bates a Winner.

The Better Babies Contest was an interesting feature of the first day of the Fair, as was evidenced by the number of mothers who brought their little ones for examination. The Plerian Club wishes to thank Doctors Gilbert, Billard, Lyon, Kavanaugh and Toll for their interest and assistance in this scientific movement. We deeply appreciate the unselfishness of these busy men who so willingly gave their valuable services in the interest of child welfare. The table of standards on the Better Babies score card provides for the examination of babies from 12 to 36 months, and the following babies received the highest score:

Most perfect boy from 12 to 24 months, Lee Ashby Jacobs; 93.

Most perfect girl from 12 to 24 months, Virginia Bates; 93.

Most perfect boy from 24 to 36 months, Forest Baker; 90 1-8.

Most perfect girl from 24 to 36 months, Dorothy Martin; 93 3-4.

Ten dollars is divided between the four winners and the mothers can get it by calling at the Secretary's office, at the Fair, on Friday. The babies' score cards will be left at the Public Library for the mothers who wish to keep them.—Lawrenceburg News.

Little Miss Virginia Bates is a granddaughter of Mrs. Marguerite Bates, of this county.

All kinds of Insurance can be obtained Breck & Evans.

Improvements in Popular Store.

Quite extensive improvements are being made to the dry goods store of Mr. J. H. Keller, on Main street, and when completed will present an appearance equal to that of any city store. A large and commodious oak balcony is being erected which is calculated to furnish ample space for a large and intelligent display of ladies' suits, cloaks, etc. An adequate portion of the balcony is cut off as the office of this concern and a cashier's system will be installed. The second floor of the building is also undergoing various improvements and which will be used as the carpet and rug department. Mr. Keller is now in the Eastern cities buying large stocks for his store and in its absence the business is being looked after by his brother, Mr. Joseph Keller.—Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Democrat.

We are glad to hear of Mr. Keller's success. He is a Richmond boy and straight as a string. For thirteen years he was connected with Mr. E. V. Elder, one of our leading dry goods merchants, and his numerous friends in this community will rejoice to hear of his merited success.

To Protect Game.

Owners of land in Clark county have started a movement which will practically put an end to hunting as far as that county is concerned for at least five years. Game of all descriptions has almost become extinct, and in order to get another start it will be made into one large game preserve. The move was started by farmers and sportsmen of Clark, and the State authorities are taking no part in it. It is the intention of those interested to have every one post his farm and not permit any hunting for five years, and a petition is being circulated asking all the farmers to co-operate in the work. So far a large number have signed, and the territory pledged embraces farms running from the Mt. Sterling to the Colbyville pike, and no hunting will be permitted on them.

Big Land Prices

L. B. Reed, of this county, purchased of Mrs. W. V. Featherstone, of Scott county, her farm lying on the North Middletown and Plum Lick pike, containing 50 acres, for \$103.50 per acre.—Bourbon News.

E. L. Lillard, of Versailles, has sold his farm on the Frankfort and Lexington pike near Midway, to Andrew Hawkins, of Lawrenceburg, for \$158.50 an acre. The place contains 277 1-4 acres, has an eight-room brick residence, also three barns and out-buildings. It is estimated that this farm has about half a million tons of phosphate.

Peach Crop

Atlanta, Ga., August 27.—For the movement of the Georgia peach crop to Eastern markets during the season extending from May 27 to August 17, Southern Railway operated 187 special trains from Atlanta to Potomac Yard on fast passenger schedules handling 3036 cars, of which 3574, or 98 3/4 percent, made perfect schedule and delivered to connections in time to make mark on the date due.

Big Baptising.

One of the most interesting meetings in the history of Shawnee Run church closed this week. Rev. Dew, the evangelist, who assisted the pastor, Rev. Moore is a man of earnest and simple speaking who sent the gospel message straight home to the hearts of his hearers. Sixty-two persons, who had joined during the revival, were immersed at the Baptist church in this city Wednesday with most impressive services. A large congregation, many of whom were from the Shawnee Run section, were present at the service.—Harrodsburg Herald.

Postmasters Wanted

The Post Office Department at Washington has notified Congressman Helm that the inspector sent to Garrard county has failed to find suitable applicants for the position of postmaster at Buckfords, Co., Harrodsburg and Flatwood, and that each and all of these offices will be discontinued at an early day unless reliable persons come forward and are willing to assume the duties of postmasters at said points. If the offices are discontinued they will be supplied by the carriers on rural routes established and about to be established.—Lancaster Record.

Citizens Indignant.

The citizens of Shelbyville are very indignant over the plans for the proposed new Federal building for that city, which it is said will possess "neither beauty nor dignity." The building proposed for Shelbyville is a plain structure, and the people of that thriving little city think and believe they are entitled to something far better than the Federal government proposes to give them. The building would contribute nothing to the appearance of the city. At a joint meeting of the Board of Council and Business Men's Association, a unanimous report disapproving the plan adopted was sent to Washington on the first of last month. The same committee will confer with Congressman Helm as to the steps necessary to secure the alterations desired in the specifications and an increased appropriation, if that should be required.

If you can spare it, we will appreciate that dollar

Little Difference.

Last week the Harrodsburg Herald got things slightly mixed. Inadvertently got the "Deaths" headline over the "Marriage" column, and ran off most of its edition before discovering the mistake. Having gone so far they would not stop the press to correct the error. However, there is little difference between marriage and death when we take an inventory of our stock of life. We once heard a fellow say that a man never experienced but two happy days in life. The first, the day he got married; second, the day his wife died. When a young man is in love and wants to marry, he is near death; and finally when the marriage vow is solemnized, a fellow he only wishes he had died. After all, there is little difference.

The Booster's Crown

I never wrote a famous play Like those that Shakespeare wrote, Nor yet in verse or roundelay Struck the Miltonic note; I never painted anything Like Michaelangelo, Nor does my oratory ring Like that of Cicero.

Upon the stage I must confess I'm not a second Pooch, Nor do I pretend to dress Like Beau Brummel in truth; No symphonies have composed To rival Herz Mozart, Nor nature's secrets have disclosed With Luther Burbank's art.

No continents have I explored Like Ponce de Leon, Nor never led the conquering horde, As did Napoleon; No master of finance am I, As Rockefeller is; In science I'd not qualify With the late Agassiz.

At statesmanship I must admit I'm a Talleyrand; On no inventions have I hit With Edison's command; Yet on my tomb let all men read My one claim to renown, That mine was not a knocker's creed— He Boosted His Home Town.

BEREA.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cullen returned to their home in Cincinnati Thursday, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Spence. They were accompanied home by Mr. J. C. Hughes, of Beattyville. Mrs. Nettie Scrivner Vanninkle and son, returned to her home in Cincinnati Wednesday after a delightful visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Scrivner on Center street. The many friends of Mr. Howard Hudson will be glad to know of a speedy recovery. Mr. Robert Ponce was in Lexington Thursday on business. Miss Jessie Smith is attending Institute at Richmond this week. Prof. Lewis returned from Owensley and Lee counties where he has been in institute for two weeks. Mr. and Mrs. George Golden and little daughter, spent Wednesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Willie Adams, of Kingston. Mrs. Dillard Griffin and children, of Mullins, who has been visiting relatives here returned home Thursday. Mr. Owen Lowen, of Ohio, is visiting in town for a few days. Mrs. S. B. Baker and Miss Margaret Lowen returned from Cincinnati Friday, where they have been for several days. We are very sorry to state that Mrs. Tom Ogg was taken to the hospital Wednesday, and is very low with typhoid fever. Miss Sarah Jones who underwent an operation for appendicitis Tuesday, is getting along nicely at present.

Lost Barn
Mr. Clarence Green, who lives near Cartersville, had the misfortune to lose his barn and several hundred dollars worth of corn. He lost last week the result of a stroke of lightning. It hit all his farming implements, 250 bushels of wheat, two hundred bales of hay and other provender. His loss is about \$2,000, with only \$600 insurance. On the same day Ed and Jim Smith lost two horses by lightning.—Lancaster Record.

DEATHS

Mr. William Ballew, who resides on East Irvine street, this city, died at the Patton A. City Infirmary, Friday evening at 7 o'clock, after a brief illness of typhoid fever. Deceased was sixty-four years of age and had lived in Richmond a number of years, being recognized as one of our oldest residents. His wife preceded him to the grave several years since. Mr. Ballew was a generous and kind-hearted man, and his death comes as a severe shock to his numerous relatives and friends. He is survived by five children, two brothers and four sisters, all of whom have the deepest sympathy of everyone in the community in their hour of deep sorrow. Funeral services were conducted at his late home Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, Rev. O. J. Young paying a beautiful and graceful tribute to the departed dead. At the conclusion of the service his remains were laid to rest beside his wife in the Richmond Cemetery.

The people of this community were sadly shocked Monday morning when news reached here from Nicholasville conveying the intelligence of the sudden death of Mr. William R. Powell in that city Sunday evening. Sunday morning Mr. Powell and his wife, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John McMeekin, of Lexington, motored from Nicholasville to Stanford, where they spent the day with friends. The party on its return trip left Stanford after supper, and while homeward bound Mr. Powell became stricken with acute indigestion and had a convulsion. His wife and friends became greatly alarmed over his condition, telephoned for a physician to be on hand upon their arrival and rushed him to Nicholasville. Upon reaching that city he had another convulsion and died before his relatives could put him to bed in his home.

The news came to Mr. Powell's relatives and friends in this city as a severe shock, as everybody believed he was enjoying the best of health and prosperity. Deceased was about forty years of age and was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Powell, of this county. He was a young man of sterling qualities and great business ability. For eleven years he was connected with the dry goods store of E. V. Elder, of this city. After severing his connection with Mr. Elder about seven years ago, he went to Nicholasville where he embarked in business for himself, and at the time of his death had the most up-to-date dry goods and ladies' ready-to-wear store in that city and enjoyed a large and increasing patronage.

Mr. Powell was a young man possessing rare traits of character. Honest in his dealings and upright in all things, he commanded the respect of the people and numbered his friends by his acquaintances. He was a member of the Elks, Knights of Pythias and Red Men's lodge. He is survived by his wife, who prior to her marriage was Miss Olive Wilds, a charming young woman of Nicholasville, his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Powell, of this county; Mrs. Quinn Covington, of College Hill, and Mrs. James Lewis, of Winchester, all of whom have the deepest sympathy of a legion of friends in their great sorrow. Funeral services were conducted Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, after which his remains were laid to rest "beneath a wilderness of flowers" in the cemetery at Nicholasville.

Church Notes

Dr. B. C. Horton preached his last sermon of the Conference year at the M. E. Church, South, Sunday night and left Monday for Millersburg to attend the annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which convened in that city Tuesday morning. Since coming here Dr. Horton has made many friends and greatly endeared himself to our people. He is a scholar and thorough christian gentleman, and his many friends of all denominations, trust he will be returned to Richmond.

Dr. R. L. Telford will resume his regular services at the Presbyterian church Sunday.

Rev. R. J. Reynolds will preach at the Baptist church Sunday, Sept. 5.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Rev. E. B. Barnes closed a very successful meeting at Macedonia, Fayette county, last week with 24 additions. The constant rains interfered with the attendance the first week, but great audiences were present the closing days. Miss Ruth added much to the services, singing solos on several occasions.

Rev. E. B. Barnes will preach next Sunday morning and evening. We hope all our members and friends will be present and help us make this an auspicious beginning of our fall and winter services.

Bros. Cristopherson and Browning who are holding special services at Union spent Monday in town.

A Coincidence

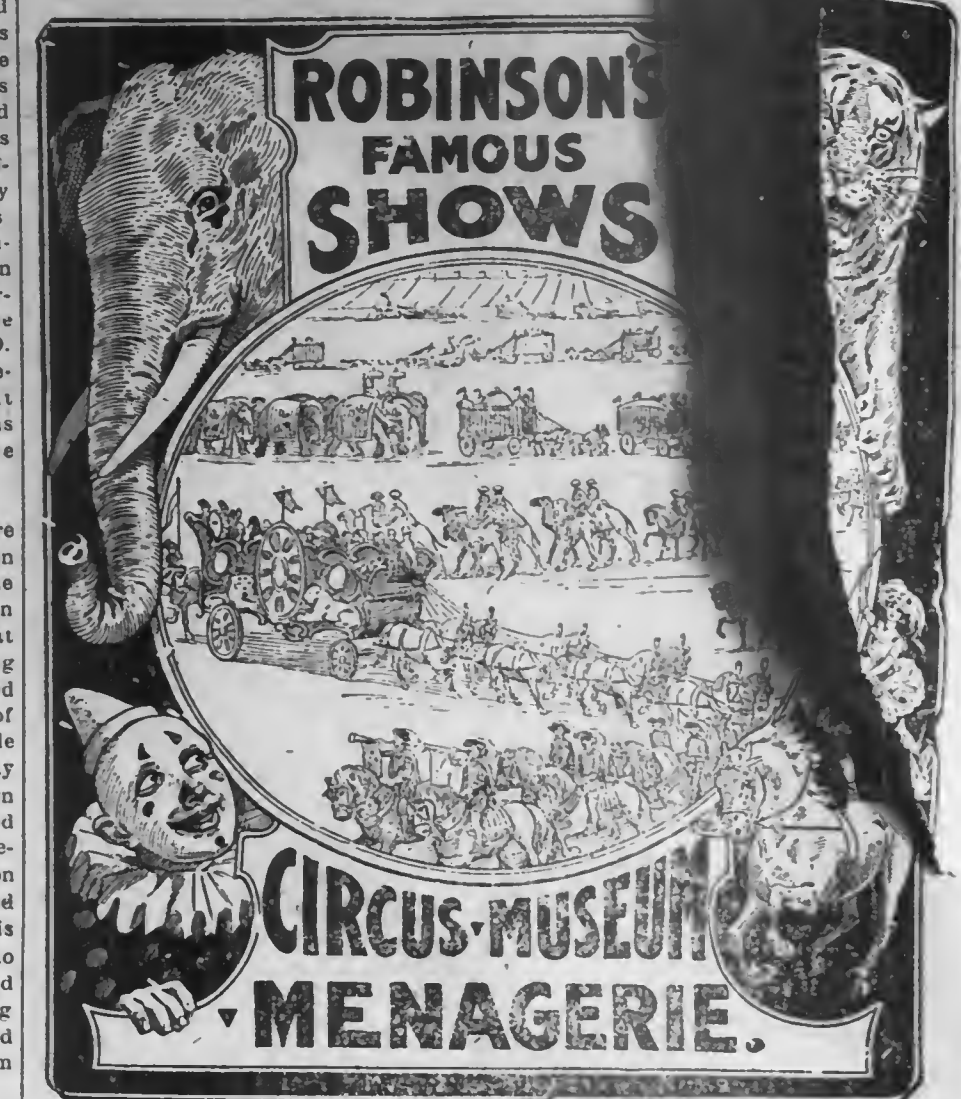
There were appointed on last Saturday for the office of Circuit Judge, five men who were born in Magoffin county, three of whom were born in the same voting precinct.

They are as follows: D. W. Gardner, dem., and A. T. Patrick, rep., in the Magoffin-Plymouth judicial district; M. M. Hedwine, dem., in the 32d district; J. Frank Bailey, rep., in the Johnson-Martin district and Jas. P. Adams, rep., in the Lee-Breathitt-Estlin Wolfe district.—West Liberty Courier.

Lost Barn

Mr. Clarence Green, who lives near Cartersville, had the misfortune to lose his barn and several hundred dollars worth of corn. He lost last week the result of a stroke of lightning. It hit all his farming implements, 250 bushels of wheat, two hundred bales of hay and other provender. His loss is about \$2,000, with only \$600 insurance. On the same day Ed and Jim Smith lost two horses by lightning.—Lancaster Record.

RICHMOND TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 7



10 BIG SHOWS
The FAMOUS NELSON Family
America's Highest Salaried Act-and
101 OTHER FEATURES 101

For Sale Public Sale

Thursday, Sept. 9th
At 10 A. M.

on the premises, I will offer for sale my farm, known as the Joe Jones place,

Containing 234 Acres
of land situated on the Lancaster pike, six miles from Richmond. Sixty acres in cultivation, balance in grass. The farm is well fenced and well watered, contains a good 8-room residence and all necessary outbuildings.

Terms made known on day of sale.

HENRY RAYBURN
Long Tom Chenault, Auctioneer.

FOR SALE

As we will not give premiums any longer, we will sell at

Public Auction at this office on

Monday, Sept. 6

COUNTY COURT DAY at 2 p. m.

100 Fine Pictures, pure carbons; 15 sets 31-piece Fine China; Lot of Knives, Scissors, Egg Whips, Buggies, Whips, Books, 2 dozen Ladies and Gents Fine Purse and other things too numerous to mention

Terms Are Cash in Hand

Climax Printing Co.

Health and Happiness Depend Upon Your Liver.

That sluggish liver with its sluggish flow of bile is what makes the world look so dark at times. Dr. King's New Life Pills go straight to the root of the difficulty by waking up the action of the liver and increasing the bile. Dr. King's New Life Pills cause the bowels to act more freely and drive away those "moody days." 25c a bottle. adv

Army Horses Wanted

Mares or geldings, 5 to 9 years old, 15.1 to 16 hands, sound and in good condition. Our buyer will be in

Richmond, Ky

on September County Court Day

Monday, Sept. 6

Harbison, Jewel & Patterson

ALHAMBRA

Where The Best People Go
OPEN 1:30 TO 5
6 TO 10:30

TODAY—Pathe presents the serial of serials

"Who Pays"

in 3 parts each. Also special Vitaphone drama
"The Blood Yoke" and "Bunny in Bunnyland"
a late cartoon of old John Bunny. Thursday
—Lillian Walker in "Playing the Game"

FRIDAY—Wm. Fox presents the supreme triumph of the stage

"The Devil's Daughter" Theda Bara

The picture that has created more sensation than any
picture of its kind ever screened. Children under 14 will not be admitted unless with parents

SATURDAY—The Hudson Film Company

presents a special 5 part feature

"Way Down East"

with an all star cast of popular players
Miss Annabell Ward Will Sing

Coming Tuesday

Billy Sunday

The World's Greatest
Evangelist. Don't fail to
see him

Please hand us OUR dollar.

Pure Country Sorghum at Lackey &
Todd's. 6-11

Sive Elmer Tate a call for anything in
his line. Phone 793. 4-11

HUALING of all kinds. Spurlin's
Livery Stable, 3rd & Irvine. Phone 108. 3-11

Before buying a typewriter see the
Victor. Its the best. 2-11

Drive in and hitch your horse with El
mer Tate. One price and courteous
treatment to all—Irvine street. 4-11

Lost

Cameo pin with dark spot on one side.
Suitable reward for its return to this
office. 35-11

Lost Beads.

About two weeks ago, between Opera
House and postoffice, string of amber
beads. Return to this office. 35

Lost Sows.

Two Duroc Jersey sows, weight about
175 pounds, just weaned pigs, strayed
from vacant lot on Bates Creek pike.
Reward for information. 35-11

For Rent.

Rooms for storage for rent down town.
Mrs. J. B. Stouffer, phone 274. 32-11

Automobile for Hire.

Will take you anywhere at any time.
Clifton Weaver, phone 657. 32-11

For Sale.

Fifty tons good clover and timothy
hay. H. D. Rayburn, R. D. 2. 31-11

For Sale.

A first class dwelling house on West
Main street. Inquire at this office. 32-11

For Sale.

Two good residence lots in the Shackle-
ford addition. G. E. LILLY. 30-11

Rooms for Rent.

Collins Street, No. 234. Miss Belle
March. 34-11

Lost Hat.

Lost brown felt hat somewhere in
Richmond Saturday night. Return to
this office. 34-11

Hampshiredown Buck Lambs
I have for sale some very good Hamp-
shiredown Buck Lambs. 25-11

Keep your money in circulation by
banding us that dollar you owe us. 11

Wanted to Rent.

Four or five room cottage in edge of
town, well located with six or eight
acres land. Address Climax Office. 31-11

For Sale.—Hogs.

We have for sale some fine Duroc
Jersey hogs, both sexes, at reasonable
prices. For further particulars call on
W. H. Park & Son, Richmond, Ky., R.
D. 4. Telephone 321. 34-11

A Wonderful Antiseptic.

Germs and infection aggravate ail-
ments and retard healing. Stop that in-
fection at once. Kill the germs and get
rid of the infection. For this purpose a
single application of Sloan's Lintiment
not only kills the pain but destroys the
germs. This neutralizes infection and
gives nature assistance by overcoming
congestion and gives a chance for the
free and normal flow of the blood. Sloan's
Lintiment is an emergency doctor and
should be kept constantly on hand. 25c
50c. The 51 size contains six times as
much as the 25c size. adv

House for Rent.

New bungalow containing 10 rooms
basement and stable. Corner Woodland
Ave. and Fourth St. All modern im-
provements. Possession at once. Phone
745. N. B. Turpin 33-11

For Rent

We wish to rent our house, the Ellis
house, for the year 1916, situated on
Second street, Richmond, Ky. Con-
venient for boarders. Rent business part
of city. We will glad to show the house to
anyone desiring to rent. 31-11

Miss Sallie Ellis and Mrs. Daniel.
Phone 354.

Do Not Grip

We have pleasant laxative that will
do just what you want it to do. **Rexall Orderlies**
We sell thousands of them and we
have never seen a better remedy for the
bowels. Sold only by 10c. **Henry L. Perry.**

Republicans Select Manager.

Mr. M. L. Galvin, of Covington, has
been selected Chairman of the Republi-
can State Campaign Committee in this
year's fight. He has been prominent for
years in Sixth district politics and is an
active party worker. Headquarters will
be established at the Seelbach Hotel in
Louisville.

Colonel W. P. Walton is preparing to
resume the Lexingtonian, which he sus-
pended a short time ago to make as he
says, "a wild goose chase after the phan-
tasms of office" and expects to be in
use in a week or two. A sadder and he
hopes a wiser man, he says he will be
able to get out a much better paper
than before and help to elect others to
office that was denied him and for which
he will run "never again." The paper is
soon to be issued semi-weekly and as
soon as possible appear as a low priced
daily, Colonel Walton said.

Dressmaking.

Dressmaking of all kinds. Mrs. Harry
Bender, Smith-Ballard st., phone 822. 4-11

Tobacco Crop.

Much complaint is heard that the to-
bacco crop which promised much, is not
turning out well. It is not curing up as
it should.

Here Last Week.

Rev. Oscar Crews and wife, of Bow-
ling Green, were here several days last
week, conducting services on the streets
and elsewhere. They are engaged in
Home Mission work and are doing splen-
did service.

Stolen.

Mr. H. H. Williams on the Lexington
Pike had his camping outfit, consisting
of wagon, tents and cooking utensils,
stolen last Sunday night. He is on the
trail and thinks that he will soon round
up the thief.

Cut Off Finger.

Mrs. Cecil Jones, of Baldwin, while
using the chopper to cut off the head of
a chicken, had the misfortune to cut off
the middle finger of the left hand. She
is suffering much pain, but no complica-
tions are feared.

Robert Golns sold ten hogs to A. D.
Burrus at 8 cents.

Old corn is selling at \$4.25 at Baldwin.
Best of Groceries at Lackey & Todd's
Phone 62. 7-11

Diphtheria Raging in Frank-
fort.

Malignant diphtheria is raging in
Frankfort and Franklin county, having
been the cause of the death of four
children within the last few days. The
county health officer of Franklin county
has ordered all churches and schools in
the county closed and every means to
stop the further spread of the disease
will be employed.

Firstclass Livery and Hauling of all
kinds. SPURLIN'S Livery Stable, cor.
3rd and Irvine. Phone 108. 30-11

Entertains Them.

Prof. R. G. Stott has been in Terre
Haute, Ind., the guest of his sister, Mrs.
Clarke R. Parker and has delivered his
inimitable lecture, "Some birds I would
like to shoot." He delighted his audi-
ence and the Star of that city gives him
an elaborate write up.

Prof. Stott goes from there to Evans-
ville, Ind., where he will deliver a series
of educational lectures.

Judge Riddle

Without in any way committing the
Times to any particular politics or man-
or men it was to say, and will say,
that while Circuit Judges, like men
mentioned in Tennyson's Brook, will
come and go, no man of pleasant dis-
position or more affable manners will
occupy the judgeship in this district or
for that matter, in any other district.—
Jackson Times.

Champion Brood Sow.

Mr. John H. Gibson, who resides near
this city, possibly has the champion
brood sow of America. She is a young
Duroc Jersey and had fifteen pigs the
first litter; seventeen the second, and
last Friday night had fifteen more. Out
of the first and second litters she raised
twenty-four, and the third bids fair for
a dozen more. Mr. Gibson prizes her
highly, and says he would like to hear
from the man who has one that can beat
her. We believe this would be hard to
do.

The Cattle Market

Local cattle buyers have bought several
hundred head of fine export cattle
during the past week at \$3 per hundred.
A large number of smaller cattle have
also changed hands at \$7 to \$7.50 per
hundred. Good yearling have been sell-
ing at \$7.50. The market has been quite
active at these figures. The hog market
has been active and several car loads
of good ones were shipped to the Cincin-
nati markets during the week.

Gets Consent By Phone.

Mr. Elijah Davidson, a prominent
young man of Irvine, and Miss Parsons,
a petite young lady of Paris, bent on
getting married, arrived in this city
last Wednesday and took the necessary
steps to have the nuptial knot tied.
Owing to the age of the young lady
County Clerk Terrill refused to issue
the license. Her parents at Paris were
called over the phone and after some
dickering gave their consent, the license
was then issued and the pair were mar-
ried at the court house forthwith. They
returned to Irvine, Thursday.

Some splendid bargains in used Pianos
at Green's Piano Store, East Main street.

The Nicholasville Fair.

The fourteenth annual exhibition of
the Knights of Pythias Fair was a suc-
cess. The three day attendance aver-
aged up well with last year, and there
is every evidence that the K. of P. will
win when the books are closed, have a
nice sum to their credit. The rings
were well filled and the exhibits good.
The floral hall was thronged with visi-
tors, and the poultry show attracted
much attention. Storms Military Band
furnished excellent music. The ladies
of the Presbyterian church at Wilmore
had charge of the dining room and
served good meals.—Jesseamine Journal.

To Try Again.

Colonel W. P. Walton is preparing to
resume the Lexingtonian, which he sus-
pended a short time ago to make as he
says, "a wild goose chase after the phan-
tasms of office" and expects to be in
use in a week or two. A sadder and he
hopes a wiser man, he says he will be
able to get out a much better paper
than before and help to elect others to
office that was denied him and for which
he will run "never again." The paper is
soon to be issued semi-weekly and as
soon as possible appear as a low priced
daily, Colonel Walton said.

Please hand us OUR dollar.



Boost For It!

Every man, woman and child should patronize
home institutions and boost for home prosperity.

BUY AT HOME STORES
SUPPORT HOME ENTERPRISES
READ THE HOME PAPER.

THE DEMOCRATS

Of Madison County Held Mass
Convention Saturday and
Selected Delegates to
State Convention

The Democrats of Madison County
met in mass convention at the court
house Saturday at 1 o'clock p. m., and
selected delegates to the State Con-
vention at Louisville, Aug. 31. Hon. L. B.
Herrington, was chairman of the meet-
ing, and Mr. T. H. Pickels was chosen
secretary. Mr. Joe Boggs offered the
following resolutions, which were
unanimously adopted:

Be It Resolved, By the Democrats of
Madison county in mass convention as-
sembled, at the court house in said
county, this 28th day of August, 1915:
1.—That we approve of the call made
for this convention by the constituted
authority of the Democratic party on
August 14, 1915, for the purpose of
adopting and promulgating a platform
of principles for the guidance of the
Democratic officers and of the party in
Kentucky.

2.—That we congratulate the Demo-
cracy of Kentucky on the selections of its
standard bearers for the November
election, led by that great statesman
and friend of the people, Hon. A. O.
Stanley, and we predict a magnificent
victory for the nominees of the party.

3.—That we endorse the present State
Administration and take pride in its
progress and constructive work.

4.—That we endorse the National Ad-
ministration and commend the wise
and patriotic course pursued by our
honored President, the Hon. Woodrow
Wilson.

5.—That the following named dele-
gates be and they are hereby appointed
to represent Madison county at the
State Convention to be held in Louis-
ville, Kentucky, August 31, 1915; and
that said delegates go the said con-
vention instructed and that they vote as
a unit on all propositions.

Hon. James H. McCreary, Hon. W. B.
Smith, Messrs. Harvey Chenault, L. B.
Herrington, T. J. Smith, H. C. Jasper,
J. R. Johnson, T. H. Pickels, H. H.
Colyer, J. P. Chenault, Morgan Taylor,
R. B. Terrill, James B. Parkes, J. J.
Greenleaf, C. H. Vaughn, J. R. Dunbar,
H. P. Dykes, Edgar Moore, W. A. Lang-
ford, J. W. Maupin, E. C. Stockton,
J. G. Baxter, N. B. Turpin, John No-
land, R. J. McKee, H. C. Rice, L. P.
Evans, Jake Collins, Joe Chenault, John
F. White.

Hon. Thomas J. Smith, was chosen
as chairman of the delegates, and the
Seelbach Hotel in Louisville will be
headquarters for the Madison county
delegation.

Can place \$4,000 for you on firstclass
mortgage notes. No names given out.
Call at this office. 11

Belue & Co.'s Branch Store.

Messrs. B. E. Belue & Co., the enter-
prising millinery and ready-to-wear peo-
ple of East Main street, have this week
opened a branch store in Winchester.
Both Mr. and Mrs. Belue give their at-
tention to business and with the aid of
such efficient help as Mrs. Carson and
Miss Proctor and others are well equip-
ped to take care of both stores. Buying
in large quantities as they will now do,
they secure lower prices, better dis-
counts, etc., and intend to give their
customers the benefit of such reductions.
At both of their stores they are now re-
ceiving daily the latest and most up-to-
date Fall styles.

Music Pupils Wanted.

Instruction on both instrumental (piano)
music and singing. 32-41

Miss Mattie Elder, phone 101

Celebrated Sixtieth Anniver-
sary

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Fish, of Paint
Lick, celebrated their sixtieth wedding
anniversary at their home Sunday. Mr.
and Mrs. Fish were married sixty years
ago in Rockcastle county, but have
resided in Madison county for the past
forty years. To this happy union eleven
children were born, but four have
passed through the Valley of Death.
The seven who survive and were in at-
tendance Sunday are: Mr. W. S. Fish,
of Stanford; Dr. C. A. Fish, of Fran-
fort; Mr. E. T. Fish, of Berea; Mr. L. J.
Fish, of Paint Lick; Mrs. Mary Gal-
loway, of Frankfort; Mrs. Joe Mason and
Mrs. Fannie Garrett, of Richmond. The
popular couple both hale and hearty
despite their advanced years. Mr.
Fish is eighty-five and is spry as a man
of forty, riding a saddle horse every-
where he desires to go. Mrs. Fish is
seventy-five and well preserved. The
day was a gala and happy one with all
the living children present, and many
neighbors, friends and loved ones. The
aged couple received many beautiful gifts
and were the recipients of heartfelt
congratulations and good wishes from a
host of friends throughout the State.

See the
New
Designs

The McGaughey
Studio

Main Street
Phone 52

Phone 52

Phone 52

Phone 52

DO IT TODAY

We need the money you owe
us and will thank you for
your remittance—

DON'T PUT IT OFF

Do It Today

Come in County Court Day,
renew your acquaintance
with us and

Renew Your Subscription

Come in and tell us the
news. Visitors always wel-
come at this office

If there is a family in your
locality who don't take our
paper, tell them about our
special offer of

25 Cents

to January 1st, 1916.

We thank you for your pa-
tronage

In Society

Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor White enter-
tained Wednesday with a picnic party in
honor of Mr. Mrs. S. R. Eubank, of Win-
chester, and Miss Martha White, of Phila-
delphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Adams entertained
informally at dinner Thursday Mr. and
Mrs. S. R. Eubank, of Winchester, and
Miss Martha White, of Philadelphia, Pa.,
who are the guests of their mother, Mrs.
Brutus White, in the county.

There was a call meeting of the Wo-
man's Club on Monday afternoon at the
Club Rooms at which time Mrs. Chas. A.
Keith was unanimously elected presi-
dent, and Mrs. Sallie Yates McKee, Sec-
retary. A finer choice could hardly have
been made. Mrs. Keith is a capable woman
and under her leadership a very successful
year is predicted. Mrs. McKee, who for-
merly served as Secretary is equally efficient
and popular.

Miss Nannie B. Myers entertained for
her guest yesterday afternoon with a lovely
card party from three until five.

Mrs. H. B. Hanger was hostess at a
beautiful appointed luncheon on Friday
last, in honor of Mrs. Robert R. Mason
and daughter, Virginia, of Hamilton
Roads, Va. Covers were laid for twelve.
Among those present were: Mrs. French
Hage and daughter, of Frankfort; Mrs.
Silas Mason, of Lexington; Mrs. Weav-
er, of Nashville, Tenn., and Mrs.
Henry Bosworth, of Lexington.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Harvey Chen-
ault entertained with several tables of 500
in honor of Miss Eugenia Hume.

Miss Martha Allen was hostess of a
beautifully appointed dance on Saturday
evening complimentary to Mr. Wilson
Warick, of Lebanon. The hours were
from eight to twelve and at intermission
a lovely luncheon was served at the Happy
Hour Tea Room. Clyde and Mitchell
furnished the music.

A delightful social session was held at
the Elks Club rooms last Friday evening,
when Mr. Chas. Powell, of Deland, Fla.,
acted as host to a large number of his
brother Elks. Mr. Powell is one of the
charter members of the local lodge, and
has always taken an active interest in the
work of the order. His hospitality of Friday
night will long be remembered by his
brethren of the antlered tribe who were
present.

Mrs. Rhodes Shackelford charmingly en-
tertained a number of her friends at cards
at her home on West Main street, Thurs-
day afternoon, in honor of her guest, Mrs.
Hancock, of Paris.

Mrs. Laura Ballantyne was the charming
hostess of a theatre party on Monday night,
when about twenty young people enjoyed
the movies at the Grand Opera House, in
honor of Miss Eugenia Hume, of Louisville.
After the show the party was served with
delicious refreshments at the Happy Hour
Tea Room.

Tuesday night Mrs. L. B. Herrington
entertained a number of young people
with a party at the Opera House. After
enjoying the splendid pictures, the party
proceeded to the Happy Hour Tea Room,
where an elaborate lunch was served.

Miss Margaret Miller is visiting Mrs.
John Buster, in Harrodsburg.

Judge John C. Chenault, was in Jack-
son the past week on legal business.

Hon. J. Smith Hays, of Winchester, was
here on business last Saturday.

Miss Mary Joseph James has returned
from a delightful visit to friends at Law-
renceburg.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Phelps have returned
from a most enjoyable trip through Vir-
ginia, stopping at Lynchburg, Roanoke and
other points.

Miss Elizabeth Rowlett spent Saturday
and Sunday with Mrs. Jesse Vaughn, at
Berea.

Miss Zella Rice is visiting Miss Eliza-
beth Thomas in Shelbyville.

Mr. Pat Brown, of the J. W. Zaring
Grain & Milling Company, spent Saturday
and Sunday at his home in Shelbyville.

Mr. Dobrowsky, a prominent young mer-
chant of Nicholasville, spent several days
with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Dobrow-
sky, in this city.

Mrs. D. W. Vandever and children spent
the last week with Mrs. L. L. Clark in
Cincinnati.

Mrs. William Perkins and Miss Fay
Price, have returned home after a visit
to Mrs. H. C. Anderson at Stanford.

Miss Mary Miller, of Richmond, is the
guest of the Misses White on Broadway.
—Danville Advocate.

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY & George V. Hobart

John Henry On the Rubes of New York

SAY! did you ever put on your things and go out hunting for an apartment on little old Manhattan island?

It's a Gentle Pastime—take it from Uncle Hank! It's an exercise that brings into play all the historic unused muscles of the pocketbook. As you grow more familiar with the Mysteries of the Game you see what a fatal mistake you made in not being born rich, and as your faltering feet take you from one Palatial Bungalow to another you berate the Destiny which failed to make you a hotel clerk in Sharon, Pa., or a soda water operator in Dawson, W. Va.

Peaches, having tired of hotel life, began to murmur incoherently from time to time about "a sweet little nest of our own."

A nest, indeed! I had a friend once who built a nest in an uptown apartment house and three months later a strange bird flew in and eloped with his wife. So rich on the nest.

Friend wife was insistent, however, so finally we set forth in quest of a haven of rest where we should no longer be at the mercy of tip-sodden waiters and money-mad bell boys.

Letting go of the life line, we swam out into the upper reaches of Broadway in search of a Renting Agency and were soon beyond hope of rescue.

Over there on our port hole loomed largely and fascinating entrance to Webb & Spider's, and like a million other fussy we fell for it.

Assuming that air of languid indifference which is popularly supposed to indicate excessive moneyed interests, we gave the high sign to a gold-braided functionary at the entrance and eased ourselves into the silver-plated cavern where they take your measure for an apartment.

The Renting Agency of Webb & Spider was the velvet goods—take it from an eagle-eyed glooker! Adorning the walls were paintings the like of which Rembrandt or Corot would have been proud of—If sufficiently intoxicated. Mahogany and plate glass did team work all over the shop and the soft murmur of thrush-throated typewriters gave an atmosphere of refinement befitting a place where money is painlessly extracted.

We were wading through a carpet with plush up to our ankles when suddenly appeared in our pathway one Sydney D'Brie, the lad with a map like a cow—the original, Brother of the Ox.

"No doubt you know lots of 'people who always smile and look conscious when accused of having Bovie Eyes, but did you ever catch the fellow with a whole face like a cow?"

Sydney D'Brie was the answer. Every time Syd looked at me I thought of the Beef Trust and shuddered.



"We Turned and Ran Like a Couple of Jack Rabbits on the Way Home to Dinner."

Syd was one of the ushers at our wedding and this day I don't know why I ever let that human Hamburger steak be an usher. He couldn't ush for sour pickles. All he could do was to put his face where I could see it and let tired Nature do the rest.

And here he was again, dancing gleefully back into our lives and glibbering like a gink with an unbuttoned brain.

"Well, well!" Syd chortled. "Isn't this a surprise, though! John Henry and Peaches! HERE! Looking for an apartment, eh?"

"No, Syd," I came back, after shaking a limp mitt; "no, we were playing golf up Broadway and I happened to slice a ball through the ventilator; so we came in after it!"

Syd bellowed joyously: "Ha, ha! Same old John Henry! Gee I'm glad to see you. Want an apartment, don't you? How high you want to go?"

"Not above the sixth floor," I answered.

"Oh, I don't mean that—how high?" Syd asked.

"Well, not above 110th Street," I ventured.

"You don't get me," Syd complained. "I mean the price—how high you want to go in price?"

"Oh!" I said; "something reasonable."

"How would \$6,000 strike you?" Syd inquired.

"It would strike me below the belt," I told him. "I said we wanted something reasonable."

"Well," Syd chuckled, "six thousand a year is reasonable nowadays. We have apartments ranging all the way from \$5,000 up to \$30,000 a year."

"You may keep all with my compliments, Syd," I informed him. "What I'm looking for is a place to live in, not a hand-painted cabaret in which to entertain the Sheriff. I don't wish to pry loose any trade secrets, but tell me, Syd, how do you manage to rent an apartment when the formula is the same as buying an issue of City Bonds?"

by those who cared to mention it at all. The janitor was made up to look like a sea lion, but he had the softest voice I ever heard. It sounded like the rattle of pulverized sugar falling in a bowl of oatmeal.

He offered us seven rooms and a bath on the fifth floor, but when we got up there somebody had mislaid three of the rooms and the bath, after hearing the janitor say so many times what he charged for the apartment, had shrunk to a foot tub; so we went sadly away from there.

Then with bowed heads and hearts from which hope was preparing to flee, we entered a conning tower through a stained glass porthole.

It was called The Belladonna—because it was good for sore eyes. An abrupt person with a drooping mustache met us at the quarter-deck and began to mention large sums of money commencing with \$4,000 a year and going on up till he bit his tongue.

We merely swallowed our palates and fell back two paces to the rear.

When the abrupt person passed for a moment at a duplex for \$14,000 a year, we turned and ran like a couple of jack rabbits on the way home to dinner.

Two blocks away we fell under the spell of a shack called the Psychedoza. A Cuban refugee met us at the door and dared us to come in.

We were offered an apartment on the eleventh floor which had never



"The Lad With a Map Like a Cow."

been occupied. The reason was obvious. The walls were too close together. It might be a success as a place to press autumn leaves, but not as a place to live in unless the tenants went through life standing up. We therefore declined with thanks and walked out backward, having little faith in Cuban refugees.

Presently Peaches found a pipkin. It was a gingerbread rookery with seven rooms and four landgrids.

It was called The Pepsinetta and it looked the part.

There were sliding doors; hot and cold gas in every room, and the janitor had self-rolling arms.

The outlook provided a superb view of the uncompleted Palaces, with blasting from 6 to 8 a m and malaria at all hours.

Peaches went dip about the dug-out, and to prove that her love was reciprocated the janitor plucked my gloves.

"How is the plumbing?" I asked.

"Better," answered the janitor; "in fact, it's almost convalescent."

I suppose he thought I was talking about his Aunt Jane and let it go at that.

Peaches took me by the arm and led me through the condensed catacombs, pointing out the scenery to me along the route.

"This room," she said, trying to step into a dent in the wall, "we'll fix up as your den."

"It might make a good den for a squirrel," I squeaked. "Why, I couldn't growl in a den like that."

"Oh! there's plenty of room," she cooed.

"That's only because it hasn't been papered," I remarked, and just then the janitor came bubbling to the surface and led us to the dining room.

"How cute!" Peaches gurgled.

"It is cute," I agreed; "but it looks more like a mousetrap."

Anyway, the place pleased Peaches, so I was fable to hang up my hat there I fable was.

"How much?" I said to Charlie Peppercorn, the janitor.

"Three thousand," he answered with a tremor.

"What for?" I inquired blandly.

"For this apartment," he cross-countered.

"Three thousand dollars a year—each month in advance—no dogs—no children—no large parties—no piano playing after 11 p. m.—you must deal with the grocer, butcher, laundry and haberdasher that I suggest, and no—"

I turned to look at Peaches. She was in the elevator, gasping for breath.

I joined her in the elevator and in the gasping.

We gasped all the way back to the hotel.

Maybe Syd D'Brie was right about that Rubie proposition.

Peaches and I sat down by the window and with the roar of Broadway in our ears we closed our eyes and pictured a cozy cottage with its green shutters, and Ivy climbing up the porch; a bit of lawn where roses struggled with the honeysuckle for our admiration.

"Tush! the real Rubie has all the heat of it."

Surest thing you know!

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Smoking. "This time may seem a silly joke," remarked old Mr. Snipe. "But, if you want a stove to smoke, just take away its pipe."

"This time may seem a silly joke," said wise old Mother Felt. "But, if you want a boy to smoke, just tell him that he can't."

Muhl. "Can you run a typewriter?" asked the old fogy.

"I need to think I could," replied the grouch, "but I married one."

Ouch! We shouldn't throw away our gold, nor keep our pockets sealed. But we should try to be whole souled when we know we're well heeled.

Located. "What," inquired Luke McLuke, "has become of the old fashioned pink seashell that used to repose on the old fashioned whatnot?"

The last time we saw it, Luke, it was still reposing on the old fashioned whatnot in the southeast corner of the cellar.—Springfield (Mass) Union.

Odd! It makes me wonder as I write, the sure, mighty strange, why does a man say money's tight when he has some loose change?

The Wise Fool. "Man was made to mourn," observed the sage.

"That's right," replied the fool. "He has to hustle to pay his rent, and if he can't raise the rent he has to keep on the move."

Tough. It is a great injustice that man can't pay what he owes; but, while his income just stands pat, his outgo grows and grows.

Paw Knows Everything. Willie—Paw, when does a man wear a grave expression?

Paw—When he is acting as a pall-bearer, my son.

That Grapefruit. When you hand a lemon to an optimist he will dig up a little sugar and a little whisky and a little hot water and make himself comfortable.—Cincinnati Enquirer

Noticed the remark. The skit is extremely full, with a suggestion of a like in front. A suggestion of plain green broadcloth finishes the hem of the skirt and it is cut to a scant

ankle length. The trim little coat is firmly belted and flares decidedly from the waist. Green broadcloth serves to trim the collar, and novel bone buttons lend a smart detail. This suit is well planned and practical as well as stylish. It would also be modish in black and white check.

ANNA MAY.

General News

Only a few years since Japan and Russia were hostile toward each other and in that combat Japan licked Russia to a frazzle. Today, according to reports, Japan is now employing all available governmental and private resources for increasing the output of munitions for the allies, particularly Russia.

There are 18,000 libraries in the United States with a total of 75,000,000 volumes or an increase of over 20,000,000 since 1908.

Adair county will vote this month on a \$150,000 bond issue, the amount to be used for good roads.

More than 3,000 women have entered exhibits at the State Fair to be held in Louisville, September 13-18.

In the Circuit Court in Ohio county last week, the Possum Hunter's case came up for trial. Sixty-four persons are under indictment for banding to gether for unlawful purposes.

The Benz Brothers Distilling Company located at Eminence, Ky., has paid into the national treasury the sum of \$5,000 in settlement of the Government's claims against the concern for allsked whisky brands.

The Kuskokwim River, the second largest river in Alaska, is about to be opened to commerce in consequences of the discovery, by Capt. Luken, of the coast and geodetic survey, of a navigable channel in its extensive and hitherto little known delta. The river itself is navigable for a distance of 600 miles from its mouth, and is thus destined to make accessible a promising mining, fishing and agricultural region.

A shortage in meat supply will require Germany to reduce consumption forty per cent, says the American Association of Commerce.

The damage to crops by the big rain storm in Indiana, Illinois and Missouri is estimated at \$25,000,000.

Abraham Ruef, a prominent politician, who was serving a term of 16 years in the California penitentiary for bribery, has been paroled.

The 50th anniversary of Lincoln's Emancipation is being celebrated in Chicago by the negroes from all parts of the United States.

When attacked by a robber while on her way home with a grandchild in her arms, Mrs. W. A. Kircher, of 117 Webster street, Louisville, dropped the baby and worried the assailant in a hand to hand struggle.

Workmen repairing the road near Hazlegreen, Ky., last week killed twenty-one copperhead snakes of the most deadly variety. The "kill" consisted of the mother copperhead, three feet long, and twenty young ones, each about five inches in length.

Did You Notice It? Washington—Increased production of both gold and silver in the United States for 1914, as compared with 1913, is shown in a statement issued by Director of the Mint Woolley. The gold output was 4,572,970 fine ounces, valued at \$94,831,800, and silver, 72,455,100 fine ounces, the commercial value of which was \$40,007,700.

Is our dollar and WE NEED IT Found Pocketbook.

A Mr. Harndon, living near Bryantville, found the pocketbook containing \$40 which Dr. G. G. Perry, of this city, lost one day last week while repairing a picture on the road near there. He returned it to Dr. Perry, who was very appreciative.—Stanford Journal.

FOR SALE—302 acres and a fraction of road, fertile, farming, blugrass, grazing, meadow and tobacco land on a turnpike within a few hundred yards of a railroad station. Well watered, good residence, two good barns, near churches and convenient to schools.

W. H. MILLER, In Southern Nat'l Bank, Richmond, Ky. 21-1f

What Is the Best Remedy For Constipation? This is a question asked us many times each day. The answer is

Rexall Orderlies We guarantee them to be satisfactory to you. Sold only by us, 10 cents.

Henry L. Perry, For Sale Privately.

A nice home on Woodland avenue, modern built and all modern improvements, bath room, electric light etc. Has eight or ten rooms, buggy house and stable, room for horse and cow. All in a very desirable home. Apply to S. Neville Moberly or N. B. Dusharage, 12-1f

Keep your money in circulation by handing us that dollar you owe us. 12-1f

Shepherd's Plaid Walking Suit



Designed by J. M. Gidding & Co., New York.

THE material of this modish walking suit is lightweight woolen goods, and the pattern is a small shepherd's check in green and black. The skirt is extremely full, with a suggestion of a like in front. A suggestion of plain green broadcloth finishes the hem of the skirt and it is cut to a scant

ankle length. The trim little coat is firmly belted and flares decidedly from the waist. Green broadcloth serves to trim the collar, and novel bone buttons lend a smart detail. This suit is well planned and practical as well as stylish. It would also be modish in black and white check.

ANNA MAY.

Splendid Convention.

The County Sunday School Convention, embracing the Sunday Schools and Churches of all denominations, met in this city last Thursday and held a most interesting session at the First Christian Church. A large number of delegates and visitors from all parts of the county were present—in all, numbering about three hundred. The Teachers' Institute which was being held at the time in the lecture room of the church, adjourned at noon for the day, and attended the Sunday School Convention in the afternoon.

Prof. J. W. Ireland, who conducted this Institute, sang a beautiful solo at the Convention, which was greatly enjoyed by all. Prof. Ireland is as fine a singer as he is an Institute instructor. The program from start to finish was both instructive and entertaining, and there was not a dull moment during the entire day.

The convention was called to order promptly at 10 o'clock a. m. Devotional service was conducted by Mr. C. D. Whitley, of Whites Station. Rev. B. C. Horton, pastor of the M. E. Church, South, of this city, delivered the Address of Welcome in his brilliant and characteristic style. "The Sunday School as a Business Proposition," was ably discussed by Mr. Marshall Vaughn, of Berea. Mr. Leslie P. Evans, of this city, made a fine talk on "What Can the Sunday School Do For Temperance?" Mr. Taylor, of Berea, at the conclusion of Mr. Evans' remarks, rendered a beautiful selection on this pipe organ.

A splendid address, "The Responsibility of Teachers," was delivered by Rev. L. L. Telford, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of this city. Rev. Telford, concluding the minutes, roll call and appointment of committees was taken up, after which the Convention adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m.

The afternoon session assembled on time, and a beautiful song service was this first on the program, in which this entire assembly was invited to take part. Prof. J. W. Ireland charmed all present with a solo. "A Live Boy—How to Hold His Interest in The Sunday School," was charmingly portrayed by Prof. H. E. Taylor, of Berea. Miss Elizabeth Halton, of Kirksville, deeply interested her hearers by a very able discussion of the theme, "Social Features of Sunday School Work." The address by Mr. R. E. Turley on the timely topic, "Problems of the Men's Class," was a very able one, and he deeply impressed all present. A beautiful organ selection by Prof. H. E. Taylor, of Berea, was greatly enjoyed. The address of Dr. George A. Joplin, of Louisville, stirred up much enthusiasm in the Convention and will be long remembered by all who heard it. Several one minute talks were given by a number of delegates which were quite interesting. After the election of officers the meeting adjourned, each and all feeling that it had indeed been a day well and most pleasantly spent.

Remember the fine China, etc., which the Climax Printing Co. will sell at auction Monday, Sept. 6, on Court Day. Read their ad.

Which Cur Window Display

Persons in need of any Printing that can be done in a well equipped printing office will find it to their interest to give The Climax office a trial. Work guaranteed to give satisfaction in correctness and neatness and prices as low as is consistent with good workmanship

If You Need

Sale Bills
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Blanks
Letter Heads
Bill Heads

Wedding Invitations
Visiting Cards
Business Cards
Envelopes
Statements
Programs, Tags, Etc

A trial order might make you a permanent patron of The Climax when you want a job of Printing done

STATE NORMAL

RICHMOND, KY.

A TRAINING SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS

Courses leading to Elementary, Intermediate and Life State Certificates. Valid in all Public Schools of Kentucky. Special Courses and Review Courses. Tuition Free to Appointees. Two splendid dormitories, new model school, new manual training building, practice school, department of agriculture, a well equipped gymnasium, Domestic Science. First Term begins September 7, Second Term November 16, Third Term January 25, Fourth Term April 5, Summer School opens June 14. Catalogue Free. J. G. GRABER, President.

Greatly Reduced Prices

on Flaxons, Lace Cloths, Dress Linens, Retines and all Summer Goods.

With each dollar purchase we give one hundred votes for your favorite in the PERRY PONY CONTEST. Trade with us and get Coupons.

Jno. R. Gibson & Co.

We have a few sets of this beautiful ALUMINUM WARE on hand that we will give FREE to every customer who buys a RANGE ETERNAL.

OLDHAM & HARBER

--an Autumn Message to custom tailored men

We sell and highly recommend clothes tailored-to-individual order by

Ed. V. Price & Co., Chicago

because there are none better for the money. Men who order them once continue to do so season after season

Prives very reasonable

E. V. ELDER

Which Cur Window Display

The Climax-Madisonian the Best Paper in the State

\$1 a year

We do all kinds of Engraved and Embossed Work at Standard Prices

YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SELL ADVERTISE IT

Notice to Contractors.

The Board of Council of the City of Richmond, will receive bids, sealed and in the form prescribed by specifications on file in the office of the Mayor and City Engineer, for the construction of brick streets on Main street, from First street to Third street, according to survey, plans and specifications on file in the office of the Mayor and City Engineer.

Said bids will be opened by the Board of Council at its Council Chamber in the City of Richmond at 8 o'clock p. m. on Thursday, September 2nd, 1915, and must be delivered to W. E. Blanton, City Clerk, at or before that hour and date. The Board of Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Sam'l Rice, Mayor, W. E. Blanton, City Clerk. August 9, 1915. 32-4f

Keep your money in circulation by handing us that dollar you owe us. 12-1f

Fire Insurance Tornado

Telephone 707

BURNHAM'S
INSURANCE AGENCY**Tobacco Insurance**

Over Stockton's Drug Store

We still have a
few**Rugs and Carpet
Samples**

that we are selling

At a Bargain**Bennett and Higgins**

Furniture and Undertaking

SUNDAY SCHOOL.Lesson X.—Third Quarter, For
Sept. 5, 1915.**THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.**Text of the Lesson, 1 Kings xviii, 30-39—Memory Verses, 36, 37—Golden
Text, Prov. xv, 29—Commentary Pre-
pared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Elijah had been so safely hidden by the Lord during the three years that though Ahab had searched for him everywhere, in all lands, he could not be found (verse 10). How safe are those whom the Lord hides, and all His redeemed are hid with Christ in God (Col. iii, 3; Ex. xxxiii, 22; Isa. li, 10; Zeph. i, 3). As by the word of the Lord he was sent into hiding at Cherith and Sarepta, so by the same word he is now commanded to show himself to Ahab (xviii, 2, 8; xviii, 1). He was indeed a man of God, God's representative, acting only for God and in His name, and, as in the resurrection of the widow's son he foreshadowed Him who is the resurrection and the life, so the words "show thyself" remind us of Him who after His resurrection from the dead "showed Himself alive" again and again during the forty days (John xxi, 1, 4; Acts i, 3).

We are glad to meet Obadiah, whose name means "servant of Jehovah," and to see him saving the life of and caring for a hundred of the Lord's prophets (xviii, 4, 13). As we see him the governor of Ahab's house we think of Joseph in Egypt overseer of Pot- phar's house (Gen. xxxix, 1-6). God men are often in difficult places for the glory of God. As Obadiah and Ahab went each his way to search for grass for the horses Elijah met Obadiah and told him to tell Ahab that he was on hand (xviii, 8, 11, 14). Obadiah was at first afraid that Elijah might again disappear, but on being assured that he would surely show himself to Ahab he went to meet Ahab and told him, and Ahab went to meet Elijah (xviii, 15, 16). Fearlessly Elijah accused Ahab of forsaking the Lord and serving Baal and ordered him to gather all Israel and the prophets of Baal to Mount Carmel, and this Ahab did, for the word of the Lord in the mouth of Elijah was with power (xviii, 17-20).

Elijah boldly demanded of the people to decide whether they would follow Jehovah or Baal and not continue divid- ing between two opinions. But the people were dumb. Then he said that though he was alone against 450, he would suggest a test and that they should worship the God who answered by fire, and to this they agreed (21-24). He gave the prophets of Baal the first opportunity, and following his instructions, they prepared their sacrifice and cried unto their god from morning un- til noon, "O Baal, hear us!" But there was no answer. Elijah mocked them and urged them to cry louder, saying that he must be busy or on a journey or perhaps asleep. So they cried, and he leaped upon the altar, and cut themselves till the blood gushed out, and kept it up till the time of the evening sacrifice. But it was all in vain, for there was no answer of any kind, and no unseen power regarded their cries (23-29).

We may wonder why the devil missed such an opportunity to honor his worshippers, for the time will come when he will send fire from heaven (Rev. xxi, 19), but he can do nothing with- out permission from God, and he was surely restrained this time. Now con- sider Elijah as he called the people to him, repaired the altar of the Lord and, taking twelve stones to represent the twelve tribes of Israel, built an altar in the name of the Lord, put the wood in order, prepared the sacrifice and drenched the whole with twelve bar- rels of water until the water ran about the altar and filled the trench (30-35). Listen now to Elijah talking to his God, not crying aloud nor with frenzy or demonstration of any kind, but calmly, with quietness and confidence. "Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God and that Thou hast turned their heart back again."

How the great multitude must have listened to this simple prayer and how intently they watched this lonely man of God! We, too, have been watching him and listening to him talking to his God, the God of Israel, the only living and true God, and now behold the answer. "Then the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burned sacrifice and the wood and the stones and the dust and licked up the water that was in the trench." How can we refrain from shouting "Jehovah, He is the God!" (Verses 36-39). And we must add: "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" (Ex. xv, 11). Quickly were the prophets of Baal slain, and Elijah said to Ahab, "There is a sound of abundance of rain." Then Elijah went to the top of Carmel to pray, and it was patient, earnest, persevering pray- er, for the servant went seven times to look before he saw the indication of the coming storm in the form of a cloud like a man's hand, suggestive of Elijah's hand taking hold of God (verses 40-46; Jas. v, 16). If our aim is simply to glorify God we may safely rest upon Jer. xxxiii, 3. Consider Da- vid and Hestekiah in 1 Kings xviii, 45-47; 1 Kings xxi, 19, and fear not to pray (Ps. cix, 21, 27).

A Reliable Tonic.

Many of the people around here know a good deal about this splendid remedy; to those who do not, we wish to say that Meritol Tonic Digestive is the greatest strength renewer, flesh builder and nerve tonic we have ever seen. For people in poor health, weak, run down and played out, those not as strong and vigorous as they should be, we recommend this tonic. Price \$1. Madison Drug Company Local Agents.—Adv.

See Breck & Evans for Hail Insurance on your tobacco 10-1.
Get us that \$.

OUR PUBLIC FORUMR. P. Schwerin
On the Seamen's Bill

The American plowmen are interested in sea com- merce. It is expensive and likewise humiliating to have to salute a foreign flag every time a farmer wants to ship a bushel of wheat, a bale of cotton or a pound of farm products across the ocean. The American farmer is en- titled to the protection of his flag in sending his products across the sea, and Congress should give such encourage- ment to shipping interests as is necessary to meet foreign competition in ocean commerce. A recent bill known as the Seamen's Bill became a law under the President's signature and Mr. R. P. Schwerin, vice-president of the Maritime Steamship Company, when asked to define this law and outline its effect upon American steamship lines, said in part:

"The bill provides that no ship of any nationality shall be permitted to depart from any port of the United States unless she has on board a crew not less than seventy-five per centum of which, in each department thereof, is able to understand any order given by the officers of such vessel, nor unless forty per centum in the first year, forty-five per centum in the second year, fifty per centum in the third year, fifty-five per centum in the fourth year after the passage of this Act, and thereafter sixty-five per centum of the deck crew, exclusive of licensed officers and apprentices, are of a rating not less than able seamen."

The overseas trade of the world is competitive, therefore the original cost of the ship and the operation of the ship have to be reckoned with in the keen competition of these rival nations with one another in the world. It is therefore manifestly clear that if this law applied to all nationalities in the transpacific traffic, and the substitution of European crews, while it works a single hardship to all the ships of the world, except the Japanese and American ships, and with the latter it works two hardships. With the European, the cost of constructing a ship is no higher than the cost of constructing a Japanese ship, but if they had on board European crews, while the Japanese operated with Japanese crews, the condition of competition would be such that they could not overcome the handicap and they would be driven off. But the American ship would have to contend not only with the tremendous increase of cost of wage by the substitution of the European crew for the Chinese crew, but also the greater initial cost of the ship. As the Japanese have now done away with their European officers and Japanese crews, all of whom speak a common language, there is no difficulty for them to comply with all the conditions of the bill and continue their Japanese crews, with Oriental wages.

"The law, therefore, instead of assisting the American ship, adds another heavy burden, while it places none whatever upon the Japanese ship, but, on the contrary, turns over to the Japanese the traffic of the Pacific Ocean, which the American ship is forced to forego by act of Congress of the United States."

**DIVINE BELIEVED
COLLAPSE CERTAIN**Louisville Man, However, Gains
Weight After Taking
Tanlac.

Louisville, Ky., August 31.—C. D. Di- vine, one of the best and most favorably known men in Louisville, who is book- keeper for the Falls City Clothing Com- pany, recently had these words to say about Tanlac, the premier preparation. "I was my usual weight of 140 lbs. and was afflicted with an aggravated case of stomach trouble and a highly nervous condition for several years. Gas would accumulate in my stomach, causing me great pain. These attacks followed one another in such rapid succession that my entire system became weakened and made me susceptible to coughs and colds. "At one time I feared I was in danger of a complete nervous breakdown. In fact, I was told that a breakdown was inevitable. I had a tired, worn-out feeling, my sleep was disturbed, I was lacking in energy, and had no appetite. I was depressed in spirits and devoid of ambi- tion. "I suffered for two years, the stomach trouble refusing to yield to the treatment of the best physicians in Louisville. My nerves were shattered. I felt as though my case was hopeless. "Since using Tanlac, I feel like a dif- ferent man. I have gained in weight, I sleep better, my appetite has returned, and I am filled with vigor and ambition. The tired feeling has vanished com- pletely. "Tanlac, the premier preparation, is sold in Richmond by H. L. Perry. Advertisement

U. S. to Loan on Cotton.
Washington, Aug. 24.—Treasury officials Monday made public an announce- ment by Secretary McAdoo that in view of the action of the Allies in putting cotton on the contraband list, he would, if it became necessary, deposit \$30,000,000 or more in gold in the Federal Re- serve Banks at Atlanta, Dallas and Rich- mond for the purpose of enabling the reserve banks to rediscount loans on cotton secured by warehouse receipts made by national banks and State banks belonging to the Federal reserve system. "The gold would be deposited tempo- rarily at least, without interest charge. It was explained that if it appeared that the object could be accomplished with greater efficiency thereby, the deposits would be made directly with national banks agreeing to lend money on cotton at a rate not to exceed six per cent.

Directors Seeking A Com- promise.
A committee representing the Board of Directors of the George Alexander State Bank is reported to be interview- ing the depositors of that institution presenting a proposition to pay over an- other 33 1/3 per cent dividend, thus making a total payment of 80 per cent in an effort to effect a compromise. This would mean a suspension of further proceedings in the case against them and also would operate as a settlement of the depositors' claims. The deposi- tors, it is said, do not view the propo- sition very favorably, and some of them are said to have openly rejected the offer for compromise on the reported basis of an additional 33 1/3 per cent. To the depositor who had but a small amount at stake, the offer would present some chance of acceptance, but to the one whose deposits were up in several figures the prospect does not seem so alluring. —Bourbon News.

Suggestions For Boosters.
Don't be the man who put set in city. Building good houses builds a good town.

Save a little money and save a lot of worry. Good roads lead not only to town, but to money.

Be a live one and the town will never be a dead one. A nice front porch has prevented many an old lady from being asked why should the town muzzle dogs and not knockers?

The Outlook Encouraging.

The business outlook for the fall and winter is very encouraging and the mer- chant who goes after the trade will get it. 15,000 people read this paper each week. Now is the time to advertise.

Correspondence**WHITE'S STATION.**

Sam Mason, of Richmond, was through here Wednesday buying cattle. Miss Gertrude Todd, of Brassfield, has been the guest of Miss Grace Parks the past week. The Silver Creek Sun- day School held its annual picnic at State Lick Springs last week. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Powers and children of Lex- ington, are spending a few days with the family of Mr. Mack Williams.

BEREA.

Mrs. Howard Hudson, who underwent an operation at the hospital Saturday for appendicitis, is getting along nicely. Uncle Jap Thompson, one of the oldest residents of Berea, fell last Sat- urday and dislocated his hip. He is in a very bad condition. Uncle Jap is 88 years old. Miss Amelia McWhorter is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert Ab- ney, of Paint Lick. Quite a crowd from here attended church at Wallace- ton, Thursday night to hear Rev. Bran- denburg who has been holding a revival at the Baptist church. Tom Adams was quite ill a few days last week, but is slowly improving. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cullum, of Cincinnati, are visit- ing relatives here for a few days.

NEWBY.

Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Cox, are rejoicing over the arrival of a small daughter, on the 11th, who has been christened Louise. Mr. Norman Jenkins and family spent Saturday and Sunday with their son and wife. Mrs. Turner Taylor and family spent Sunday with George Millon and wife at Millon. The Baptist meeting at this place closed last Sunday, with nine additions. Mrs. Mary Newby, of Richmond, visited her niece, Mrs. George Millon, on Sunday. Tobacco crops are being greatly damaged by the rain and cutting and housing almost impossible. Miss Mallie Millon, who has been sick for several months, is very low at this time. Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Potts visited the latter's niece, Miss George DeJar- net, one day this week. Mesdames Lawrence Tudor and Harlan Newby, spent Thursday in Richmond. Mrs. Sam Millon entertained quite a num- ber of friends on Thursday. Mrs. Sue Reagan visited Dr. Millon's family at Valley View from Friday till Sunday. Mrs. Susan Taylor and grand sons, Talbot and Claude Jenkins are visiting the former's son, John Taylor, at Stan- ford. Mrs. Fanny Long and children and little niece, Bernice Tudor, spent the week-end with Oscar Taylor and family at Ruthon. Mrs. James Rhoads is on the sick list.

VALLEY VIEW.

Miss Myrtle Elkin, of Lexington, was the guest of Mrs. Wilbert Stapp last week. Dr. Jack Millon, of Lexington, visited his brother, Dr. J. B. Millon, Saturday and Sunday. The ice cream supper given for the benefit of the Baptist church was a success in spite of the rainy weather. Miss Ethel Wharton, Misses Lillian and Grant Maupin visited the Baldwin school Friday. Mr. and Mrs. James Brookshire were in Lexing- ton Saturday. Mr. Eugene Land, of Lexington, was here Saturday last.

PANOLA.

The protracted meeting has just closed, being held two weeks by Rev. Lawrence Johnson. There were 32 additions. Mrs. W. R. Woolery has been in Lexington for the past two weeks taking treatment. Her recovery will be of much delight to her friends here and elsewhere. Miss Mayne Sharp, of Louisville, is spending several days with

JUDGE FOR YOURSELFWhich is Better—Try an Experi-
ment or Profit by a Rich-
mond Citizen's Ex-
perience.

Something new is an experiment. Must be proved to be as represented. The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit. But the endorsement of friends is. Now supposing you had a bad back, a lame, weak, or aching one. Would you experiment on it? You will read of many so-called cures. Endorsed by strangers from far-away places. It's different when the endorsement comes from home. Easy to prove local testimony. Read this Richmond case: Mrs. S. W. Parks, 122 Euc. Hill Ave., Richmond, says: "I had severe pains in my back and at times the action of my kidneys became irregular. I was also nervous and dizzy and mornings when I awoke I felt stiff and lame. Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Middleton's Drug Store, stopped the pain and regu- lated the kidney action." Price 50c. at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Parks had. Foster-McIlburn Co. Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—adv.

her old friends of this place. Dr. S. N. Johnson has returned to his home, having spent two months in Louisville. Dewey Sharp, of Berea, was a visitor here on his Saturday

**Deserved Tribute to the Faith-
ful Horse**

The author of this toast to the horse is unknown, but it equals Vest's famous tribute to the dog:

"Here's to that bundle of sentient nerves, with a heart of a woman, the eye of a gazelle, the courage of a gladi- ator, the docility of a slave, the proud carriage of a king and the blind obe- dience of a soldier; the companion of the desert, pain, that turns the moist fur- rows in the spring in order that all the world may have abundant harvest; that furnishes the sport of kings, that with blazing eye and distended nostril fear- lessly leads our greatest Generals through carnage and renown; whose blood forms one of the ingredients that go to make the ink to which all history is written, and who finally, in black trappings, pulls the humblest of us to the newly sodded threshold of eternity."

Hauling of all kinds promptly done. Elmer Tate, Irvine street. Phone 783. 4

Out of The Ordinary.

On the charge that her 71-year-old husband flirts, Mrs. Edward Dean, of Allentown, Pa., had him arrested. The woman told the mayor that Dean had been misbehaving of late, was seeking the society of young women and declined to work. Dean refused to say a word in his own behalf, declaring he preferred a cell to his wife's nagging. He was taken to jail.

A farmer, near Evansville, Ind., who tried to send a chicken through the mails made a big mistake when he sent a hen. The hen laid an egg during transit and celebrated the event as usual, by cackling, thus betraying a violation of the mailing laws. The affair has been reported to the authorities at Washington.

David Steinfeldt has resigned as dog catcher at Montclair, N. Y. He received \$500 and commissions and the latter one almost equaled the salary, but now, Steinfeldt says, nearly all the dogs and dog owners in Montclair know him and his commissions are practically nil. So long as it was only the dog owners that knew him there still was profit in the job, for he could fool them with false whiskers and other disguises. Not so with the dogs. He couldn't beat their sense of smell.

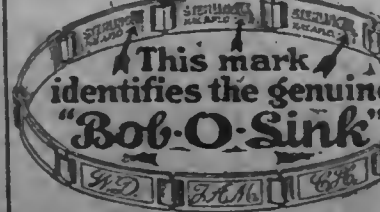
Recently while the thermometer was straining itself to register the heat, May or Hugh McIndoo, of Joplin, Mo., be- thought himself of the 27 prisoners in jail. His first order was that an electric fan be installed to add to the comfort of the prisoners. This was tried, but did not help much owing to the crowded condi- tion of the jail. Mayor McIndoo then tried more "hearty measures" and sum- moning 23 "leap drunks" he ordered their release.

With the slogan, "American Fashions for American Beauties," a movement was inaugurated in Chicago by the D. A. R. to have a fashion center estab- lished by the Government in Washington, D. C. A committee will lobby in Con- gress next winter for an appropriation for a building.

Since Newport society started the fad of carrying a live bird in a dainty little "walking cage" it is spreading rapidly over the country. If a good looking woman can't attract enough attention without carrying a bird in a cage, she ought to be caged and kept off the streets.

Bob O-Sink

Let us supply you with "Bob-o-links" for your Friendship Bracelet. Sterling Silver "Bob-o-links" cost only 25c each, engraving included—and we give you free a velvet wrist-ribbon for your first "Bob-o-link". Call today and see the "Bob-o-links".



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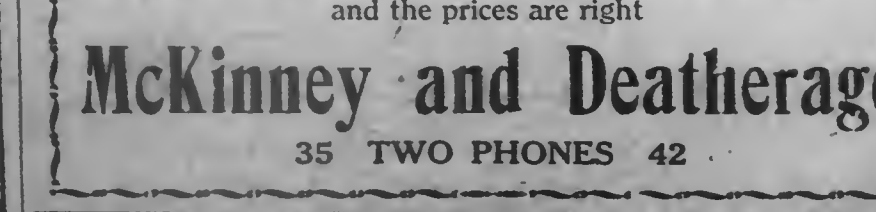
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It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill."

I wish every suffering woman would give

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a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good." Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

Get a Bottle Today!

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Will meet all trains. Will call for you and your baggage. Never too busy to serve you.

YOUR BUSINESS SOLICITED

JOHN W. AZBILL

Office in rear of Hotel Glyndon

Phones 399 and 710

Three Strips of Bunting

By
E. A. BINGHAM

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"Private Duprez!"
"Here!"
"Step forward!"
A young soldier of barely average height, with nothing that was strikingly military in his bearing, but with a countenance pronouncedly intellectual, and dark eyes that had a deep and constant glow in their depths, stepped out of the ranks, approached the group of officers and stood at attention.

"Duprez!" said Colonel Mangin, twirling one end of his gray mustache with the fingers of a neatly gloved hand while he regarded the private critically. "Your lieutenant says you are intelligent."

"Thank you," replied Duprez without emotion.

"It remains to be proved that you are brave."

The soldier straightened himself, and a slight flush spread over his face that was naturally of an unusual palor. The colonel smiled.

"I mean braver than brave," he explained, not without a sign of satisfaction as well as of amusement. "We are all brave here, I trust; but some must be braver than others."

"Yes, sir," the soldier answered. There was a moment's pause, while the colonel still toyed with his mustache—it was a very fine one—and continued to study the man standing rigid at attention. Duprez as a soldier looked very new, as if just turned out.

Behind him stood at ease two battalions of soldiers, looking precisely as new and just turned out as Duprez. They were, indeed, fresh battalions just brought up from their divisional depot to the rear of the firing line.

They would, in all likelihood, go into action that day in support of the regiment, which had suffered heavily in the first French advance beyond the Vosges. They were halted now at the foot of a long, low hill in the green, rolling country of Lorraine.

"You are aware that the short of officers?" said the colonel at last.

"Yes, sir."

"I want a man to lead a detachment to perform an important and perilous duty."

"Very well, sir."

"You are willing?"

The soldier's eyes brightened and a smile came to his thin lips.

"I am not afraid."

"Good!"

"But I have one request to make."

"The deuce you have!" cried the colonel, sharply. "What is it?"

"That you permit me to choose the men whom I am to lead."

"Um-h!" murmured the colonel. Then he looked questioningly at the

Yes, Sir," the Soldier Answered.

Lieutenant who had recommended Duprez for the command. That officer nodded his head.

"As you wish," consented Colonel Mangin. "It's perhaps as well you should have men you know. Your work in this: Four miles down the road you will find a bridge. Hold it or destroy it. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Then choose your men."

"How many, sir?"

"Twenty."

Duprez saluted once more, turned, and stepped slowly back to the waiting line of red and blue.

They watched curiously as Duprez went to the right end of his own battalion and, walking very slowly along its front, began to choose his men.

"Tillier, step out!"

He was one of the smallest men in the battalion, with a look of undernourishment about him, but with noticeably keen features and an expression of restlessness in his eyes.

"Duval!"

This was a man of almost stalwart figure that seemed scarcely to belong to the staid face and the finely shaped head.

"You next!"

His was a figure that only the loose laws of conscription could have passed into an army-fighting for a nation's existence. He was small, even for a petty soldier of France. But something in the way the man moved, and especially something in his eyes, that spoke courage and power that might well have had their habitation in a stronger and a finer body.

pealed to him. And when he had found his twenty officers could not repress exclamations of amazement, not unmixed with mirth, to see them assembled for review and instructions, looking as if they should have had books in their hands instead of rifles.

"Don't quite like the looks of that lot—for blowing up bridges," said the colonel, directing himself especially to Duprez's lieutenant.

That officer also had his doubts; but he realized that Duprez having been given permission to choose his men, to make any changes in his command would be to imperil the success of the expedition and perhaps to weaken discipline and confidence in the two battalions.

"It's too late now, don't you think?" he ventured to suggest in reply.

"I suppose so," growled the colonel, returning to his mustache.

And so Private Duprez, with a curious smile lurking at the very corners of his mouth, and a deeper glow in his firm, dark eyes, was allowed to add to their rifles and knapsacks, set out down the white road leading to the distant bridge.

They felt a curious thrill with the thought that they were in Lorraine—that far south of their own French regiments were in Alsace—that after forty years of patient waiting the hour of France had come, and the tricolor again waved over the fair, lost provinces.

"That's better," admitted the colonel in the ear of the lieutenant.

Half an hour later Duprez and his twenty, carrying charges of dynamite, in addition to their rifles and knapsacks, set out down the white road leading to the distant bridge.

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overton in its speech raising with a clatter far from the discarded gun. There followed buttons, and numbers, and all else that was detachable from his once complete and proper uniform.

"This," he cried, "is my answer!" He raised himself erect, folded his arms, and looked with mingled defiance and appeal at the amazed and silent group.

"This is my answer to the murderers—my answer to the emperors, kings, presidents, politicians, capitalists, bankers, makers of guns and powder—all the money-sodden and power-crazed scoundrels who have brought twenty millions of slaves together to shoot each other down."

"Stop!" flung out a voice from the group of men before him.

Duprez paused and looked anxiously but fearlessly toward the speaker. "Well, Martineau," he demanded sharply.

"This is treason!" replied the man resolutely. He was the largest among them—a very presentable figure of a soldier in his new uniform—and his honest face had perhaps a little less composed of two groups of men—the few seated at the loaded table and the mob begging for the crumbs.

A country of the present time is nothing but a monstrous and bloody flag of man by man. Behold your country that they wish us to die for! Behold—"

A shell came screaming over the hill and exploded so near them that dust flew into their faces. Duprez stopped in the instant, and there was a brief change in the expression of his countenance.

But, whatever it was, he forced it back and read on. And as he read, in his fervid and thrilling way, more and more he forgot the hands of the men before him.

"It's true!" cried one as he tore off his belt and buttons.

"No; that's too strong!" protested another, but not quite resolutely.

True, he had not said so, but Duprez's answer, "We shall be dead tomorrow anyhow. The hour has struck!"

Looking keenly at the faces of his comrades, he saw that he had all but won the day—that in another moment his men would follow him in whatever path he might choose to lead them.

Thrilled with his triumph, glorying in the sacrifice he was about to make, he thrust his book back into his pocket, and faced the men before him.

The last appeal, something from his own heart, clothed in his own eloquence, a speech he had long ago framed for some such moment of his life, before he could utter the first word of his peroration, there came an interruption that held him and all the others spellbound.

There was first a furious outburst of hisses, cannon and musketry and shouting; this time very near, nearer than they had imagined the fight to be at that moment.

And then, over the brow of the hill, and not three hundred yards away, appeared a part of the battle-line itself under their very eyes.

There was a tattered flag that waved and dipped and rose again in a terrific hand-to-hand encounter, and in a fury of battle fighting around the flag. And the flag was the tricolor—merely "three strips of bunting sewn together," as Duprez had said.

And it was retreating. The French line on the hill had been broken and this fragment, with the flag in its center, was being forced back and German hands were at the very throat of the flag-bearer.

Back the color-bearer came down the hill, the Frenchmen rallying again and again around the flag, again and again thrown away from it, again and again fighting themselves to save it. God of battles, what a sight!

And then the waiting knot of men caught sight of the color-bearer himself—a mere boy, capless, his coat torn almost from his body, the flagstaff clutched to his breast with one hand and the other he thrust at enemies right and left, with some weapon they could not see.

In an instant he was swallowed up again.

There were sights that were new and fearful to the men in the road, in their new uniforms, with their unused guns lying in the dust before them.

They heard death-cries, saw death itself. They thrilled at the sight of a youth who, flung out of the struggling mass, maddened with pain and shrieking shrilly, ran and threw himself on the ground and began tearing up the sod with his fingers.

"They are dying!" murmured Duprez. "Our brothers—there are dying!"

Suddenly, as suddenly as he had thrown it at his feet, Duprez whirled and ran and picked up his rifle and bayonet in the road and was back again to face his command.

"They're dying!" he cried fiercely. "Pick up your rifles, men! We must save them!"

He saw a wondering look on the faces before him.

"We will save them!" he shouted. And then: "Tillier! Duval! Martineau! All! Your guns!"

They were already picking them up from the dust.

"Forward!"

They leaped as one man from the road to the green grass of the hillside.

"Fix bayonets!"

The voices of Duprez rang across the fields, above the sounds of battle.

"Charge!"

They were only twenty-one—a mere handful compared with the hundreds of German soldiers who were now upon the hill. But the action around the flag had been torn away from the main battle line and whirled backward down the hill, partially detached from the main bodies of French and Germans.

There were perhaps a hundred Germans heeling down thirty Frenchmen around the flag.

Into the vortex of this almost human struggle, where a life went out every second, and groans were mixed with curses, and walls of agony blended with shouts of triumph—into this reeking and heeding mass, straight toward the wavering flag went the twenty-one with the cold steel.

"Ah! The cold steel! No time for crying into that whirling mass! Each chose his man—his next man—and his death."

Taken by surprise, caught between the bright bayonets of the rescuers and the red bayonets of the defenders of the flag, the Germans were surprised and disconcerted. In the confusion, half-blinded by dust and smoke and blood and the glare of the pitiless August sun, they turned this way and that, and thrust at friends as often as at enemies.

Through them went the twenty-one, no, only eighteen by now—nearly

er; for us it is a stepmother, a shrew who detests and persecutes us. "We are well aware that if a war should break out between France and England or Germany, it would be but the capitalists of each country edging each other for the market of the world. If we have to risk our lives, we should risk them not to defend nationalities, but rather to found the socialist nation that we already carry in our brains."

"Herve," cried Tillier, as he raised his rifle and flung it on the ground.

The name was repeated here and there; and another rifle—two, three, four—slipped from loosened fingers and dropped into the dust or were thrown down like Tillier's.

"Yes, Hervé, our great teacher, our prophet. Listen!"

And while the roar of the battle grew steadily nearer, on the other side of the hill, he read:

"Flags are only emblems. They have no value beyond what they seem to represent. There are thousands of flags that no longer stand for anything. And countries? What are they? Every country or nation is called the composed of two groups of men—the few seated at the loaded table and the mob begging for the crumbs."

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God of Battles, What a Sight!

they reached the flag, formed a new wall of steel around it, and began step by step, to climb the hill, recovering the lost ground over the bodies of the slain. Up, up they went; back, back, back toward the shattered line of blue, the bayonets working savagely, the rifles popping in the last of battle, and those they had rescued thrilled with new hope and courage.

Up, then, to the very crest of the hill.

And suddenly a wave of cheering swept along the ragged line of blue. The—had seen its flag go back and down; had thought it lost; had, nevertheless, fought on desperately, hopelessly—borne back by superior numbers. But now the flag.

The cheer rippled and then roared along the line.

An officer, seeing the flag, hearing the cheer, had one of those inspirations that sometimes come to men in such crises, that sometimes win battles when battles are already lost. He leaped in front of his wavering line, grabbed a rifle from the hands of a dead soldier, helped a wounded bugler to his feet, and gave a sharp command.

Over that bloody field, above the sounds of rifle and cannon and shouting, rang out the call to the charge. The line leaped to its feet.

In the front, to the right, Duprez, forgetting everything but the lust for battle, fired with a new kind of fury, snatched the flag from the hands of the tottering boy, raised it high above his head, and followed by the eleven that were left of his twenty men—and many others and then the whole line—went shrieking into the astonished ranks of the enemy.

The clash was ferocious, unexpected, irresistible.

The German line shrank before the steel, faltered and gave way. Bayoneted in the back, clubbed, shot and slashed at by the inspired demons in blue, the German soldiers gave way and fled, stopping only in the shelter of their guns and supporting cavalry.

And when it was over, and the blue line halted breathless, exhausted, bleeding, with half its number lying dead or wounded on the field, there came a curious kind of silence in the flag group of men gathered around the flag. In the center of the group stood Duprez, with the flagstaff clutched to his breast, the tattered "rag" floating softly above his head.

He was hatless.

A bayonet had torn a hole in his coat. Blood flowed from a scalp wound and reddened his pale face. He looked around him, and his eyes glowed with a fire that was different from that his comrades had seen before. He smiled as he studied the faces of his small command.

"Tillier!" he called out.

"He has fallen!" answered one of the twenty.

A Belgian

By
PAULINE BRADFORD
MACKIE

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All night Maurice Beaulon was possessed with the certainty that Jean was lying, wounded, in the open field. He knew the lad trusted him to come, so Beaulon tossed as a mother might and could scarcely wait for the dawn.

He talked to Jean. The stars were piling.

"There, so, Jean," he reached for his boots—"so, Jean, keep up your courage."

He raised his flask and tasted of its contents.

"So, Jean, a few drops, they put heart in a man."

He stuffed a loaf of bread into his knapsack.

"Now, a crumb, Jean—so!"

He gathered up gauze and dressing for a wound and thrust it into his knapsack. "So now, Jean, let us see. Ah-h-h, that is bad, but we'll get you well. Let me tie on this bandage. They'll do better for you at the hospital, but this will serve till we get there."

He flung his knapsack over his back. "So, Jean, put your arms around my neck. Gently, gently. I'll not let you. That's better, eh?" He laughed. "The uh-lans didn't get you, Jean."

It was gray when he went down the road. People had their houses open, but the shop windows were closed. At the city gate an officer talking with a sentry recognized Maurice.

"Hello, Beaulon!" he called. "You have been promoted for bravery."

Beaulon nodded as a matter of course. He had fought like a demon to kill men; he must have yelled like a maniac; his throat was raw inside; he had risen to a kneeling position in the trenches to snuff a flag which had been shot away from Jean, and he had waved it high above his head to cover the retreat of his companions.

And then the uh-lans were on him again, but he was up and running with the flag, and he had escaped, somehow he had escaped. It was a miracle. He never doubted Jean's safety until the lad could not be found.

"Where are you going, Beaulon?"

"For Jean," Beaulon answered.

"Valles, he is missing!" the officer asked. "Have you been through this hospital?"

"He is not in them," Beaulon answered.

This delay tortured him. He knew he could make his search better before the sun was up, for the gleam of the bayonets had dazzled him yesterday, and from this field they would flash in his eyes.

Beaulon pointed. "Valles can't be far," he added. "We were right in those trenches, just back of those bushes."

"Well, go on, then," said the officer; "but be cautious. Remember the wounded have been taken off the field. You won't find him alive."

"Alive," thought Beaulon impatiently; "no, not if this talking keeps up much longer." He saluted and burst away.

He stepped out into the field. He had known he should see the rifles and the bayonets first, but they did not flash upon his eyes.

No, they were dull and gray like the sky. He gazed blankly into the zenith; his first instinct was to look away from the ground.

There was still a stargazing; he looked yellow and very faint. He met its gaze. It looked at him steadily, blinked, and went out. The thought of Jean gripped him, and he forced himself to look down again over the field.

There were spots on the bushes; thin, slow streams furrowed the ground; as the light increased these sluggish trickles, these splashes, were scarlet.

This was a shambles; the world a slaughterhouse.

All the panoply of war was gone; all that made it brilliant, all that goaded him on, was gone. Why had he been promoted for bravery?

He was not brave now.

His mind was confused; he must stop; he must be clear. There was a word which would help him if he could remember it.

He pressed his hand to his forehead, struggling for that word. Ah, he had it! Sure. He must be sane.

He strode firmly forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, his gaze on those bushes just beyond the farther trench.

He heard low moans and cries, but he did not heed them.

Something moved in a heap of bodies. How dead men struggled! He passed on. There, out on a free space of ground, dead Belgian was lying forward on his face.

Beaulon paused. Clutched in the man's hand was an arm. He stared. Then he saw that the man's other arm had been shot off.

His heart jumped.

Could that slender foot be Jean? He went forward and turned him over. When he saw the face of a stranger he began to laugh.

Now that the fellow did not prove to be Jean, he was how comical it was. What did he expect to do with his arm. Run to the hospital with it to have it sewed on?

Beaulon pursued his search, chuckling.

The east grew rosy and a sweet, cool breeze blew against him. The day promised to be fine and clear. He was glad of that.

Jean always liked to lie flat on his back in an open field, staring up at the sky with eyes that were as blue. Mme. Valles was a German, and her eyes were like her son's.

She wept because her sister had boys in the German army. Her own husband was a Belgian, and her sympathy must go with him; and Jean, her son—was he not fighting the uh-lans as well as his father?

But women took life hard.

He was sorry for women. He thought again of that fellow running off with his own arm before he collapsed. There was a saying in the Bible, "As one who has his mother comforted." The fellow had probably started to run home to his mother. She must be proud of her big boy.

He chuckled.

He had forgotten that word which had impressed him so strongly—that

word which would help him. He knew it was important, but he had forgotten it again.

He hummed a tune—a little, old, Alsatian tune—as he continued his search; the men whose faces he looked at made no impression on him; he only knew they were not Jean.

The sun flashed on the bayonets and sabers lying about; it was pretty as a sparkling sea.

He went over a body. Some instinct made him rise and whirl about on his heel.

He was face to face with one of the uh-lans. The German was on foot. Each man was but a mirror of the other, so identical were their expressions; each had believed himself alone searching for a friend. They stared at each other; they turned; they ran in opposite directions as if pursued by demons.

The fight was out of both of them. Beaulon dropped his rifle as he ran. Horror was on his heels. He stumbled and fell and lay as if dead, then reached slowly for his rifle.

As his hand gripped it he realized that it must be another man's, for he had dropped his own.

He sat up and looked over the field. The enemy had disappeared. He turned his head, and there beside him Jean. It was Jean's rifle he held. He knew by the smile on Jean's face that the lad was dead.

Only dead men were happy like that; that is, the right sort of dead.

He chuckled again.

men, not the kind who struggled to get back to life.

Jean's blue eyes looked straight up into the sky.

Beaulon touched the boy's face. It was still warm. There he knew that pale star which blinked at him and went out was a signal from Jean. He wished he could lie down beside him; but he had promised to return.

He had been promoted for bravery, this Beaulon. Who was the fellow? Beaulon, Beaulon, Beaulon. But he had promised to get back to him. He must find Beaulon again.

He lifted Jean on his back and started homeward. It was strange that he was carrying Jean's rifle instead of his own.

It was a message that he must fight for them both. He was grim but exultant as he strode on. Where he had killed one man before, now he would kill two; it would be double the number he always, double for Jean.

The ground was uncertain and he stumbled; then he realized he was trampling over the dead with his boots on. He laid Jean down and took off his boots, then lifted his friend again and went on in his stocking-feet.

When he came into the city again no one offered to help him, for Beaulon was a giant in strength and he bore Jean as though he had been a girl.

He climbed the road and turned into a small hotel.

Mme. Valles sat at the table with the one guest left in the hotel; she was having an extra cup of coffee with her and they were talking about the war.

Beaulon's figure filled the doorway and his shadow fell across the two women.

Mme. Valles raised her hands. She was going to cry out, but somehow she did not. Instead she managed to get to a door; it opened into her bedroom.

"Put him here, Maurice. Can you get a doctor?"

Beaulon laid Jean down on his mother's bed. He nuzzled Mme. Valles' cheek so softly in his pity.

"No, Jean does not need a doctor, Mama Valles."

He went out, closing the door on the two women. There was a stranger in the dining room, and he remembered Mme. Valles did not like curious eyes.

He sat down in the first chair he reached, exhausted.

The guest in the hotel was an American—Miss Dewey. She had expected to join friends in Berlin. She kept saying to herself that she had never expected this war when she went abroad.

When she saw Beaulon's pallor she ran to the kitchen and called Marie, the young girl who assisted Mme. Valles as a kind of underhousekeeper, to bring hot coffee at once.

"They have brought home Mme. Valles' son dead," she exclaimed, "and I think the man who brought him is ill. He looks so white."

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Marie. Her hand shook so she kept pouring the coffee into the saucer instead of the cup.

"Here," said Miss Dewey, "I will attend to that." She seized the coffee pot and poured the coffee with a steady hand. "Now you bring a basin of warm water to wash his feet. They are bleeding and his stockings are cut in shreds."

"Yes, mademoiselle," answered Marie. "Please tell me—where is Jean?"

"His mother has him in her room. She has shut the door. Hurry with that basin, Marie." Miss Dewey went back to Beaulon. "Try to take a little of this coffee. It will do you good."

Beaulon lifted his heavy eyes to her face. "Thank you."

Marie came hurrying in with towels and a basin of water and, kneeling down, peeled off the ragged stockings with tender fingers. She was young and dark and richly colored.

Suddenly she pressed Beaulon's bare feet to her bosom, sobbing, while she murmured: "My Jean, my Jean!"

She was to have married Jean Valles in the autumn.

Beaulon's brows contracted with pity. "Poor Marie!" he said. "Poor Marie!" His mind seemed entirely clear again.

The coffee helped him. He watched her as she sat back on her heels, letting his feet drop into her lap and looking up pitifully at him.

"Now, I shall have no husband!" He saw her poor, little, drooping mouth, the woe in her eyes.

It was more than grief for Jean. It was desolation come upon her. The issues of life were cut off. She would have no husband, no children. Why was she left a woman?

This was what war did for women! Beaulon spoke with difficulty, for his throat was tired. "Marie, if I live I will return and be your husband."

When she saw the kindness on his face she bent forward and laid her face against his breast, sobbing. He patted her shoulder until she grew quiet. Then he said: "Now, I must be going."

Miss Dewey was crying, too. She ran out to get him another cup of coffee. "What a good man," she thought.

Marie knelt and dried his feet and put a pair of clean stockings on him. They were Papa Valles', as were also his boots, she brought. Papa Valles had gone to the war, too, and he was a big man like Beaulon, not slight like Jean. Jean was so pretty—like a girl. Her tears fell more gently.

Beaulon pulled on the boots. He rose and shook hands with Miss Dewey. "Good-by," he said. "When you return to your own country remember us."

She stood on the steps of the hotel, while Marie followed him to the road. "Wait," he said; "I was forgetting something."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a big key and gave it to Marie. "It is the key to my shop. If I do come back all is yours."

She took it as a child might. "Yes," she kept her eyes fixed wistfully on Beaulon's face.

"Good-by," he said, and bent to kiss her cheek; then suddenly drew his hand to his arms and kissed her mouth. "Good-by, my wife!"

The blood coursed freely through his veins once more. That kiss—so fresh, so sweet—had revived him. It was as though Marie had become a stranger, a woman whom he had fallen in love at first sight.

Their love sprang new horn from this moment; it had no past. He went off down the road with a swinging gait, his shoulders squared. The good God meant well by man. His hand must be over this somehow—yes, over it all.

"Where is his shop, Marie?" asked Miss Dewey.

"The fourth one down on that side, mademoiselle," answered Marie. "Oh, that beautiful lace shop!"

Miss Dewey exclaimed. "There are some wonderful rose-pieces in the shop. I was told when the first day I was in town. So he is a lace-maker?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

Beaulon reached the top of the hill. He turned and waved his cap. The shop appeared down the hill.

"He is gone," said Marie. She clasped her hands on her breast. "Think, mademoiselle, how one hour can bring me two sorrows. It is war!"

AT THE FRONTIER

By
Perley Poore Sheehan

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"Well, he can keep on following us," said Miss Dracon. "There's no law against it, I suppose—no over here."

"The tea, the music, even the clothes she wore, were all well calculated to soothe a feminine heart—especially one that could not have been more than twenty years old; but, as she gazed out over the terrace of Armentouville, with an elaborate pretense of recognizing no one in the fashionable throng, there was a dangerous sparkle in Miss Dracon's eye.

Her mother, a personification of American dollars and well preserved youth, looked at her with an indulgent smile.

"His title is perfectly good," she purred. "I looked it up—in the Almanach de Gotha, where only royal and noble names are listed."

"Look out! He's coming over," it had required no very keen vision on the part of Prince Frederick von Hohenstaufen to see the Dracons, mother and daughter. An omniscient head waiter, in the first place, with an eye to a ten-franc tip, had placed them at a table where all might see. And in the second place, they were not the sort of people who escape observation. Great wealth, sagaciously used, stamps its possessors with an imprint as unmistakable as the sterling mark on solid plate.

Prince Frederick was likewise noticeable, but otherwise.

As he made his way, with a queer mingling of eagerness and anxiety visible in his face, through the perfumed, well-dressed, gaily chatting swarm of Parisians and foreign notables who were enjoying themselves in the Bois that afternoon, he suffered hardly by comparison in spite of his youth.

So Miss Dracon thought.

His features were smug and homely, giving his clean-shaven face an expression she associated vaguely with grocers or grooms. His skin was fresh enough, but exposure to the sun had made it red in spots instead of giving it the even tan possessed by most of the other men she knew.

And his clothes!

They also reminded Miss Dracon vaguely of grocers and grooms, dressed up.

"Ah, Mrs. Dracon; again! Permit me to salute you."

The prince had taken the tip of Mrs. Dracon's fingers and lifting them ever so slightly, was performing the acrobatic feat of bending forward from the hips without flexing the knees. He had touched the fingers with his lips.

"Ah, Miss Elizabeth!"

He repeated the salute.

"Sit down here with us, dear prince," said Mrs. Dracon. "Or, are you with friends? When did you leave Amer-



"Look Out! He's Coming Over."

The heir of Hohenstaufen dropped like a chair that a waiter had already pushed into position, gave one meaning look at Elizabeth Dracon, then turned once more to the older woman.

"As soon as I learned you had gone, then I left," he said.

Elizabeth, lit her lip, while her mother smiled easily.

"A coincidence," said Mrs. Dracon. "A coincidence," conceded the prince, "but designed by me."

He looked from mother to daughter. Mrs. Dracon was listening intently, no doubt, although she had the air of one who is rather preoccupied with something else. The daughter's eyes met his with the suspicion of a challenge in them.

Hadn't they settled this, once and for all, that night the prince had proposed to her over in Philadelphia?

"You see," he said, with an effort at lightness, "I got to thinking over what Miss Elizabeth said to me about international marriages. I don't see how it applies to us. I know that she is not crazy for a title—other than her own high-born name; and me, I'm not after—after money."

The red and head, dropping to a frenzied leader, was singing and hanging through a Hungarian rhapsody, giving promise that it would still be safe to talk about private matters for a long time to come.

"Elizabeth," he said, "that you had done her the honor—" Mrs. Dracon began.

"Perhaps I should have spoken first to you," said the prince, talking rapidly. "But I said, this is America, where there must not be too much formality. Besides, I was crazy—crazy with love—as I have been ever since first I looked at her."

"No scene, please," cautioned Elizabeth again.

The hand fingered louder. Her remark drew blood apparently.

"It is true that I have debts," the prince went on; "but they are the debts of my ancestors. I pay interest on them. No one expects more than that. They are like state debts—what you call national debt. A national debt is never paid. But why mention such things? It is you I love. You I followed again back to Europe."

"Will you have cream or lemon?" asked Elizabeth, suddenly remembering the tea things.

"So why—why—will you not have me?"

"Shall I go over it all once more?" asked Elizabeth, smiling but cruel.

"I've seen enough of these international marriages to make me sick if I ever marry—which I doubt—I'll marry an American. I'll marry a man who can take care of me, just as though I didn't have a cent in the world; one who will work, accomplish something, be someone by his own efforts. Since you owe so much, by your own admission, why don't you work and pay?"

"Elizabeth!"

Mrs. Dracon was scandalized, as she often was by this ultra-modern daughter of hers; but the prince was listening, sober, intent.

"I can't work, the way you mean," said Prince Frederick with hated breath. "I'm a Hohenstaufen. I belong to the empire. If it were not for that, there is nothing in the world I wouldn't do to show you—show you how I love you. Even now, I do so with honor, I'd blow out my brains—"

"I've dropped my fan," said Mrs. Dracon.

The prince recovered it for her with a little laugh just as the music, with a succession of rippling scales suggestive of a flight of butterflies, went up into the air and was silent.

Silent, also, for most of the time were Mrs. Dracon and her daughter as they drove home a little later through the high-arched allees of the Bois. They were stopping at the Bristol, would be moving on soon to one of the other hotels, which was most likely. And they were both willing to pretend that it was this approaching departure from Paris that kept them a little restrained, a little blue.

Finally Mrs. Dracon spoke.

"Don't you think you're a bit brutal with him, Beth? Young Germans have been known to kill themselves."

"Oh, he'll show up again," said Elizabeth.

Paris was like a pond overstocked with goldfish—filled with the rich and idle from the four quarters of the world. Came the end of Grand Prix week, and it was as though some mighty hand had opened all the sluices of the pond. The goldfish scattered.

The Dracons lingered longer in Paris than they had expected—a matter of new gowns—and then "hosted on, with other goldfish, to the German resort. But still there was no sign of Prince Frederick von Hohenstaufen."

It troubled them both a little secretly. He wasn't acting in accordance with form. Generally when an impoverished prince once fixes his attention on a dazzling bait like Elizabeth Dracon—handsome, educated, immeasurably rich in her own right—he becomes as a ravening pike.

So they both thought. They were not without experience. But they said nothing about it. Not until one night.

It was the night that followed a hideous day. From early morning they had been crowded with strangers whom they feared and distrusted in the tiny, suffocating compartment of a third-class railway carriage. All day the train had crawled and stopped, then crawled again, like a wounded

worm, while other trains rushed by with lordly authority. Soldiers held the door of the compartment open at times, had stared and talked among themselves, but had answered no questions.

Even more lugubrious was the deepening night. It had begun to rain. Then, finally, as though the wounded worm was completely exhausted, the train came to a halt and moved no more. There was another hour of stifling misery, then once more the door was jerked open and there came this order in the clipped, military German of Prussia:

"All passengers get down!"

It was almost panic as the shuddering civilians—men, women and children, Dutch, Belgian, French, English, American—clambered out; but information somehow got about that here they were to remain until mobilization was complete, that there was a halt in the neighborhood that was to be their temporary prison.

"And what is the name of the place?" Elizabeth asked a mammoth Belgian, who, with his wife and four children, had been their cellmate throughout the day.

Said the Belgian:

"This is Hohenstaufen!"

A moment later she and her mother were leaning against each other for mutual support.

Very stiff and straight in a new uniform, surrounded by officers who were showing him obvious respect, there stood under the yellow shimmer of the station light some one whom they both had instantly recognized—Prince Frederick.

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